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New Times

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The campaign to free Rubin Carter

Pagan rites at a Vermont county fair

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November 14, 1975
Volume 5, Number 10

NewTimes

TOP OF THE NEWS

High noon at the Washington Post

It could have been just another strike—the pressmen wanted more money, the management wanted more profit. But before they walked out, union members destroyed the presses and a war began. Now the issue is not simply money: The union wants immunity, the management wants heads to roll. No one will benefit, whatever the outcome—except the *Washington Star*.

By Philip Nobile

Page 18

TOP OF THE NEWS

Hurricane Watch

Nine years ago, two blacks—boxer Rubin "Hurricane" Carter and John Artis—were convicted of a triple murder in Paterson, New Jersey. Now there is serious talk of setting the men free: A long list of celebrities have expressed their support, and Governor Byrne is considering various forms of clemency. It might not have happened without a high-powered p.r. campaign directed by George Lois, the man who sold Revlon, Tetley tea and Smirnoff to America.

By Lawrence S. Burns

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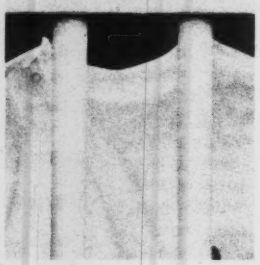

LOCAL COLOR

New England bacchanal

Save for an act of God, the fair comes to Tunbridge, Vermont, every year on the heels of the harvest. And when it comes, so come the crowds, some looking for good clean fun, others seeking orgiastic revelry. All are part of a patchwork of rural rites and dreams that unfolds to the tune of the barker's bally-call.

By Geoffrey Wolff

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THE ARTS

Cinema's new wunderkinder

For the first time since the Second World War, Germany is producing films of export quality, as several young directors tackle the issues of the Seventies with extraordinary verve and intelligence. But they're meeting a chilly reception from most American critics.

By Arthur Lubow

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By Mark Goodman
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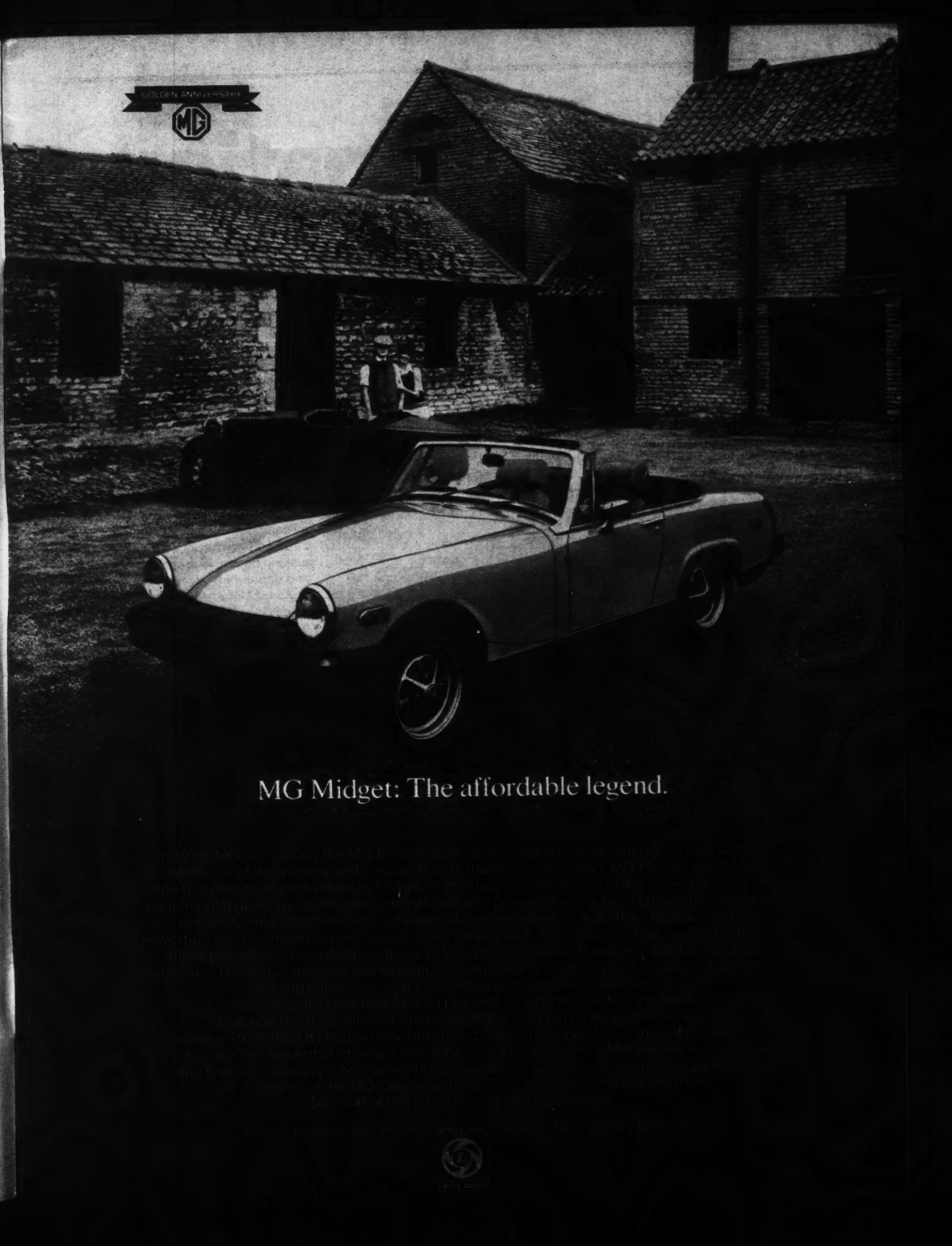
ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GROSS



MG Midget: The affordable legend.

Dollar politics

Fulminations

By Larry L. King

In politics, as in business, it takes money to make money. In direct mail campaigns—where candidates buy mailing lists and send you letters begging bucks to carry on their good works—X is raised by spending Y in hopes of funding Z. It's a pyramid game, a doubling up on each toss of the dice, a plowing of early profits back into the expanding company. When there comes a time that cash flow problems intrude, then the business is in trouble. "You can't mail the letters," Congressman Mo Udall says, "unless you can buy the stamps."

Udall wants to make it perfectly clear that he isn't tapped out: Come January he's entitled to at least $650,000 from the Feds under the "matching funds" proviso of the new election funding law, and he pointedly says, "I'm the only candidate thus far to lease a big airplane." Senator Henry (Scoop) Jackson, however, sees this as whistling in the graveyard. Simply put, Scoop believes that much of his competition will go broke. He sees himself as having the same advantages of a big chain store against the little mom 'n pop outfits.

"I'm one of the few that has stumble money," Scoop says. He means that should he fare badly in the early primaries, he has enough in the treasure chest to attempt to recoup. Of other announced Democrats this may be true, to date, only of Senator Lloyd Bentsen and Governor George Wallace. Should Fred Harris, Jimmy Carter, Mo Udall, Terry Sanford, Milt Shapp or other poor relations fail to show a good early foot—well, then, they may be unable to provide seed money vital to the future raising of meaningful sums. Jackson, Wallace and Bentsen had raised huge sums *before* the Federal Election Campaign Law became effective, and that money was "grandfathered" into the law. In short, they had the considerable advantage of having raised their seed money before restrictions were put on.

The "matching funds" proviso provides partial public funding for candidates who themselves raise $5,000 or more, in increments of $250 or less, in 20 or more states. The more money the candidate raises within those rules, the more will be matched. Where the poor boys find themselves disadvantaged is that no contribution in excess of $250 qualifies for matching funds. They—the liberals—are less likely than conservatives to be the recipients of sums ranging up to the $1,000 individual maximum contribution now permitted. "But," argues Terry Bracy, a Udall staff assistant, "the fat boys would be giving those $1,000 contributions—or much larger ones—to their candidates *anyway*." Still, there's no getting around the fact that should a Mo Udall collect two $250 contributions, to be matched by the Feds, while Scoop Jackson receives only one such contribution plus a $1,000 gift, then Scoop has won that particular financial war by $1,500 to $1,000. Multiply this transaction by the dozens, the hundreds or the thousands and it becomes apparent that Scoop has good reasons for feeling a bit smug about having "stumble money" on hand.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW SCHNEIDER

Udall: a victim of his own reforms?

The poorer candidates are finding small contributions more difficult to come by than had been anticipated. The long recession is a factor, along with a general apathy or worse among people who've soured on recent political performances in Washington. "Another problem," Udall says, "is that the media keep preaching that several of us can't win, that we rank low in the public opinion polls. Well, hell, you don't go up in the national polls and then win primaries—you win primaries and then go up in the national polls. The constant drum-beating about our being 'losers' makes it more difficult to haul people aboard the bandwagon."

The po' boys are finding, however, that they may have trouble staging strategic television and radio blitzes as in the past and, at the same time, funding their direct mail campaigns. Some have cut back even on campaign buttons and other traditional gimmicks; others are making do with fewer paid advisers and depending more on volunteer workers. Almost all of their available money is reserved for travel and for public appearances. The well-heeled, of course, will be better able to stage their blitzes and gain public exposure. Perhaps the new campaign funding law will prevent ambassadorships from being sold, or discourage other corruptions usually bred by big money, but one has difficulty believing it is the great equalizer its sponsors originally envisioned.

Ironically, Congressman Udall was a leading proponent of the campaign financing law that some—including Scoop Jackson—now think may include Udall among its victims. Does he agree? "No," Udall says. "It may make the cheese temporarily binding, but we simply had to do something about big money increasingly buying elections. The new law is tough enough that you aren't going to see flagrant violations. In the long run, that's the important thing. Now, if a candidate does miserably in the early primaries, he'll probably be out of it—just as in the past. If, on the other hand, he looks pretty good, then he'll have the opportunity to go forward with public funding." Meanwhile, Scoop Jackson counts his stumble money and waits for the competition to go broke. ●

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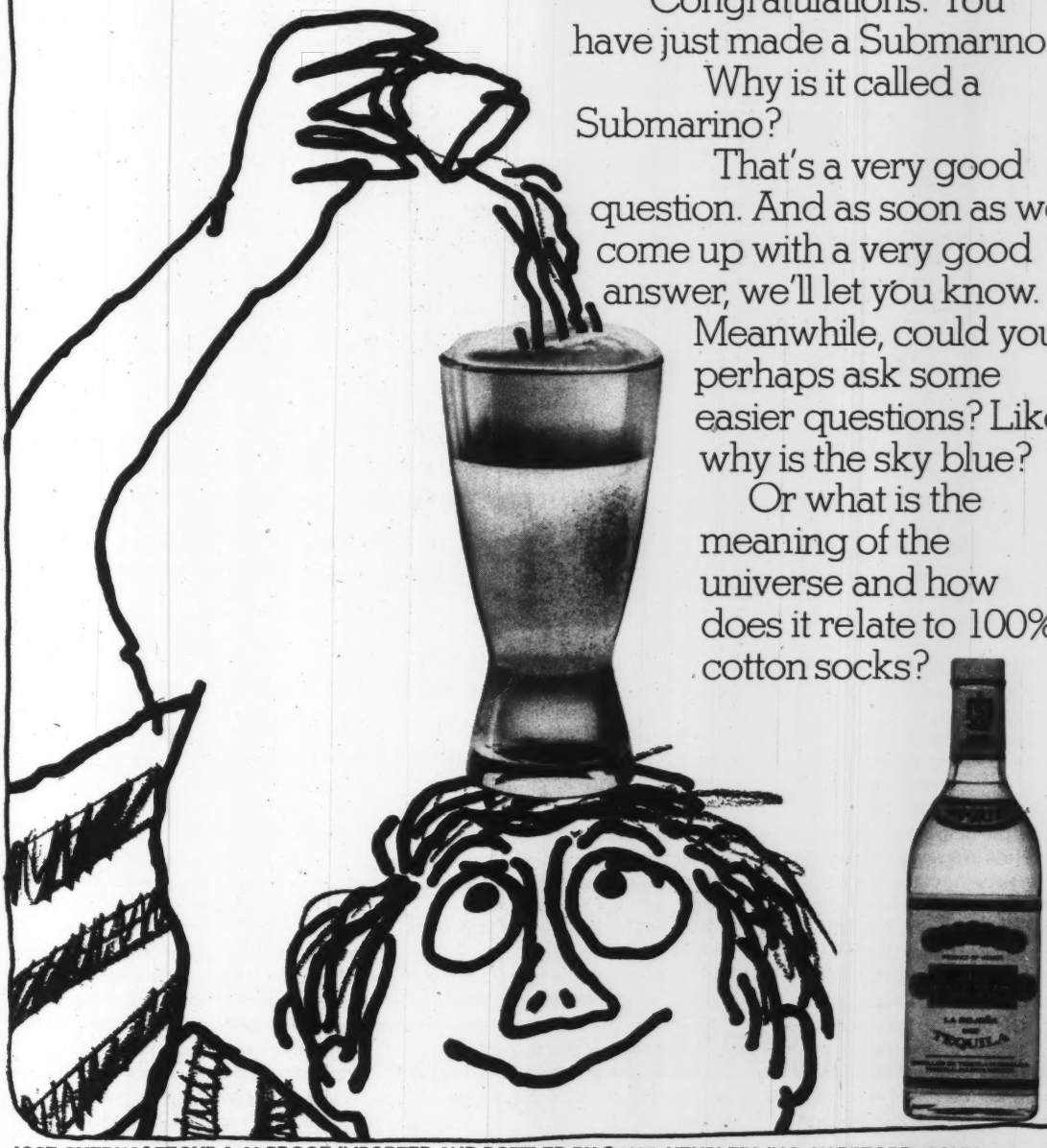

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Jackson scoops the Democrats

The Ruling Class

By Robert Scheer

After all of the wonderful political ferment in this country over the past decade, we are now faced with the absolutely dismal prospect of a Scoop Jackson-Jerry Ford turtle crawl for the presidency. It's an even less inspiring prospect than the Humphrey-Nixon contest in '68, which was so boring and beside the point that it nearly destroyed the idea of electoral government. But it seems to be happening again.

Jackson is the safe candidate with the money, and while he makes appropriate noises about the oil companies once in a while, he is no more a left Democrat than Ford is a right-wing Republican. They are both possessed of a solid conviction that the large corporations are our saviors and that an increase in corporate power will solve the country's outstanding problems. Ford calls his program one of "unfettering" the corporations, while Jackson urges "guidance" to allow the corporations to function more expansively. The difference is merely one of semantics. To examine Jackson's energy package in any detail is to see that it goes even further than Ford's program in calling for large-scale government research and exploration projects to benefit the multinational energy companies. This should hardly be surprising, since Jackson over the years has consistently performed great services for Boeing, for the Weyerhaeuser lumber company and for the companies building the Alaska pipeline. He is in no sense a populist.

The left wing of the Democratic Party, which should be expected to come up with some sort of populist, anti-big business candidate, is horribly splintered and in the main seems to have fallen asleep.

It is depressing to consider the political survival of a man like Jackson. Scoop has, after all, been associated with nearly all of our recent disasters: Vietnam, the SST, nuclear reactors, rip-offs of federal lumber lands and the "missile gap." Since Jackson now needs the liberal wing of his party, he will play down his hawkishness, just as Ford now plays up his conservatism. But the record is too long and clear, and Jackson is too old to make many changes. With his new p.r. image, his stand on busing is just as primitive now as it was when he tried to out-demagogue Wallace in '72. He claims to be an advocate of international civil rights, but he is still against the implementation of the Supreme Court decision on school integration, now

ANDREW SCHNEIDER

over 20 years old. In spite of the newly strengthened women's caucuses in the party, Jackson still believes that abortion is a moral crime. As his wife puts it, "My husband thinks that abortion is immoral, that from a religious point of view it is just plain murder."

Jackson is the front runner not because large numbers of Democrats like him (the latest poll shows him to be the choice of only 6 percent of Democrats) but because of the unseemly political vacuum that exists within his party. If he gets the nomination, it will be by default, but that seems to be just about what is happening. The primaries are coming up faster than people think, and Jackson is the only candidate in place with the money and organization to move.

If these dreary events come to pass, they will mock all of the efforts to reform the Democratic Party and to make it more responsive to heretofore unrepresented people. To have gone through all of that and now to nominate this perfect cold war child of the marriage of big business and big labor is an absurd waste of political energy. Jackson is quintessentially the old politics—so why all the fuss and bother of the last years?

The typical response to such a notion is an evocation of the image of Teddy Kennedy charging in at the last moment and making it all better. A Kennedy candidacy no longer seems likely, but even if it were, there is something escapist about these hopes. Why is Kennedy the indispensable "new" face? What is his new program? And if it does exist, why aren't there other presidential hopefuls who share it and whom Kennedy can now support? More basically, if there is a new political program for the Democratic Party, why is it not being discussed before the voters? The few candidates who have tried to present some new ideas, such as Fred Harris and Mo Udall, have been treated like Don Quixotes by the liberals of the party. If these candidates represent the alternative forces to Jackson and Wallace, then it is high time that more "serious" elements in the party gave them some support. But unfortunately, personal ambition and opportunism are so deeply embedded in the tradition of the Democratic Party that they obliterate serious political concerns. Regrettably, even the new faces in Congress have old-fashioned noses for the political wind. If Jackson does win, they want to be able to live with him—so the wife of ultra-liberal Congressman Phil Burton is a volunteer in Jackson's Washington campaign office. This is fine for their careers, but if the practice of the "new politics" results in an electoral choice as meaningless as Jackson-Ford or Humphrey-Ford, it will raise profound questions about the ability of the liberal reformers in the Democratic Party to change anything.

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Reagan's war on words;
Rooting out the ginseng myth

EDITED BY
TONY SCHWARTZ

The Insider

Politics

The handle on Mandel

Federal prosecutors investigating Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel have found that one of the most cooperative witnesses is his ex-wife, Barbara, or "Bootsie," as she is known to friends. According to reliable sources in the Justice Department, Ms. Mandel has been giving investigators details on the pattern of favors that the governor allegedly received in return for state actions favorable to certain businessmen.

That Barbara should squeal on her husband is certainly no surprise. Their bizarre tale received headlines in July 1973, when Marvin announced that he was "in love with another woman" whom he intended to marry. Barbara promptly laid claim to the governor's executive mansion and refused to budge for five and a half months. The governor was forced to move into a hotel, and in August 1974, the same day he was granted a divorce from Barbara, he married his new love—Jeanne Dorsey.

With Barbara's help, the grand jury investigating Mandel is expected to take some action—possibly including an indictment—before its term expires on December 4, 1975. Typically confident, Mandel has denied any impropriety in his business dealings and says he is deciding whether or not to run next year for the Senate seat now held by Republican J. Glenn Beall. The governor promises a decision by next month, after the results of a poll he has commissioned are tabulated.

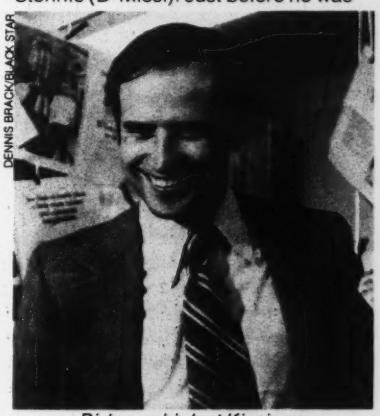
UPI

The Mandels: she blows the whistle

Biden his time

When Henry Kissinger went before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee recently to testify in executive session, he sat alongside Chairman John Stennis (D-Miss.). Just before he was ready to begin, Kissinger turned to Stennis: "Senator, I told you I would testify in executive session. I want all staff members out of here."

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR



Biden: a kick at Kissinger

Replied the committee chairman deferentially: "I understand that, Mr. Secretary."

Kissinger then nodded at a young man sitting at the end of the table. "Get that staff man out of here," he said angrily.

Stennis turned to Kissinger in evident embarrassment. "Mr. Secretary, Joe Biden is a United States senator and a member of this committee."

"Senator who?" Kissinger asked.

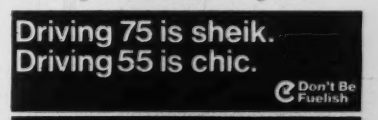
Biden, who at 32 is the Senate's youngest member, turned to Kissinger unfazed. "I am Senator Biden from Delaware, Secretary Acheson."

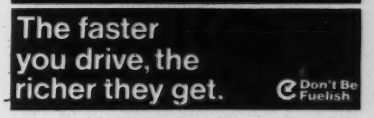
Power (to the people)

It has been called "our next Vietnam—only this time we are the peasants." The issue is nuclear power, and its opponents are hopeful that an upcoming rally will be a turning point for their growing movement. Scheduled for November 13 in New York City (Columbus Circle at noon), the event will bring together nearly 100 environmental, peace, church and public interest groups. A spokesperson for the Ad Hoc Nuclear Opponents, organizers of the rally, says they will present a no-nukes position—rather than a "maybe" or a moratorium position—to government officials. Their views have already drawn support from organizations such as the National Organization for Women, the National Consumers Congress and Consumer Action Now. Contributions and requests for more details can be addressed to Friends of the Earth, 72 Jane Street, NY NY 10014.

A bumper crop

The bumper stickers did seem a rather brazen invention for a stolid government agency such as the Federal Energy Administration. Nonetheless, as part of its energy conservation campaign, the FEA began distributing stickers that read "Driving 75 is sheik, Driving 55 is chic" and the "The faster you drive, the richer they get." Protests followed in short order.





The American Petroleum Institute complained that the first slogan was offensive to OPEC countries, particularly since the only one that literally has sheiks is Saudi Arabia, the Middle Eastern nation that styles itself as the leading force for moderation in oil price increases. The second bumper sticker aroused the ire of American oil companies, which were afraid that the public might be

confused about the reference in the "richer *they* get" slogan. It was intended to mean the OPEC countries, but U.S. companies weren't taking any chances after living with charges that they manufactured the energy crisis and have long run up excess profits.

The result? Neither bumper sticker is being distributed any longer. "We thought it was a graphic way to remind consumers that 15 percent less gas consumption [driving 55 uses 21 percent less fuel than driving 70] could save 28 million gallons a day," explains an FEA spokesman. "But I guess we were too cute."

Four less controversial stickers (among them "Fast is Fuelish" and "I'm 55, Drive me") are still available from the FEA and at state energy offices—free of cost.

A Chile reception

Leaders of the House Ethics Committee, who voted recently to investigate charges that Rep. Michael

WIDE WORLD

Harrington: standing firm

Harrington (D-Mass.) violated House confidentiality rules, have already dreamed up a punishment: The lawmaker would be barred from access to any classified documents for the rest of the current congressional term. It turns out that the investigation might have been headed off, but Harrington would have none of it.

The liberal Massachusetts Democrat has already admitted telling a reporter and other members of Congress about the CIA's secret efforts to undermine the late Salvador Allende's Marxist government in Chile. Therefore, a finding that he violated House confidentiality rules seemed a foregone conclusion.

House leaders, however, have been concerned that the vote could split the Congress along partisan, ideological and regional lines, and that the notion of punishing a colleague for disclosing what was at best questionable CIA activity could make many of its members uneasy. As a result, several of them struggled to avert the investigation.

House Majority Leader Thomas "Tip" O'Neill, a close friend of his Massachusetts colleague Harrington, tried to work out a deal with Ethics Committee Chairman John Flynt (D-Ga.) and former Chairman Olin Teague (D-Texas). Harrington would apologize for leaking the testimony in exchange for having charges against him dropped.

Just when negotiations were getting serious, reporters learned about them and went running to Harrington for comment. He promptly ended the discussion with a flat declaration that he would never buckle under to "conservative pressure" for an apology.

"If there's a way to keep it off the House floor now, I can't think of it," moaned O'Neill. "Mike sure is a hard man to help."

Reagan misfires

During the last days of Watergate, we learned a lot about Richard Nixon's state of mind from his slips of the tongue. Referring to Washington Governor Dan Evans during a foray west, Nixon called him "Governor Evidence." On another occasion, he tried to say "discredited precedent" but it came out "discredited president."

Now Ronald Reagan seems to have grabbed the torch. The ex-California governor, who is expected to announce his presidential candidacy later this month, spoke in Philadelphia recently. Ostensibly, his remarks were intended as an attack on Third World countries hostile to the U.S. Somehow, though, they didn't come out that way. On nine separate occasions, Reagan substituted "Third World War" for the phrase "Third World." "The U.S.," he said at one

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Reagan: war talk

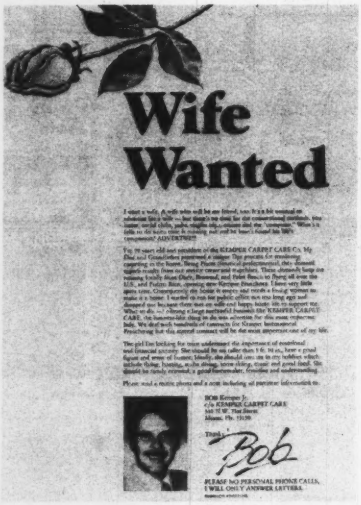
point, "has much to offer the Third World War."

Reagan finally caught himself midway through the speech. "It must be Freudian," he joked. "Perhaps I've been thinking too much about Russia."

Seventies

Matchmaker, matchmaker buy me a match

Is love a salable commodity? Well, some people try. A $2,629.80 full-page advertisement appeared early last month in the *Miami Herald*, with the headline "WIFE WANTED." The ad, written by Dennis Lott Advertising on



behalf of client Bob Kemper Jr., went on to describe not only the seeker's selling points (he is a young carpet company president) but also the qualities he seeks in a mate. Kemper's pitch went right to the point: "Owning a large successful business like Kemper Carpet Care, the business-like thing to do was advertise for this most important lady. We deal with hundreds of contracts for Kemper International Franchising but this marital contract will be the most important one of my life."

Fascinated by what seemed to us the most brazen extension of the personal ad yet concocted, we decided to call Kemper. First things first: Was the real purpose of the ad to generate publicity for the carpet firm? "Well, I'll admit that it's helped business," Kemper told us, "but that wasn't the point. I ran the ad because I believed it was the most economical, fastest and best way to find the girl of my dreams."

At the very least, Kemper who is

29, will now have a slew of females to choose from. He claims he's received more than 1,000 responses, many of them from states other than Florida. "I'm only going to be serious about the girls from the Miami area, but I intend to answer every single one of those letters personally," he says. "I think it's the least I can do. After all, these girls poured out their hearts to me."

Kemper has made it clear, however, that he intends to be the boss in any relationship. "I don't want a women's libber," he told us. "I want her to be at the door with my slippers and my pipe in her hand. I'm really a romanticist and that's the kind of girl I'm looking for."

How's that for a thick pile?

Upchucking

Last month, we reported on a particularly effective method of protesting the proliferation of McDonald's franchises: An unidentified group in Sweden bombed and demolished one of the three McDonald's in that city.

Now some University of Michigan students have discovered a more creative and less destructive way to protest the encroaching Golden Arches. Dubbing themselves the "Radical Vegetarian League," 25 students marched into the new Ann Arbor McDonald's in the middle of lunch recently, swallowed a combination of mustard powder and water and proceeded to vomit in unison. RVL spokesperson Phil Cushway saw his group's collective retch as a consciousness-raising at the gut level: "We hope this puke-in leads people to question the nature of McDonald's and other corporations that foist plastic food on the public."

DENIS ORLOFF

But the Ann Arbor Radical Vegetarians may disappear as fast as they surfaced. The group was hastily put together, and its members are not even sure there is a single vegetarian among them. More important, their tactics are already being criticized on the ground that they caused restaurant workers—on whose behalf their protest was partially based—extra and unpleasant clean-up work.

Long live the queen

After University of New Mexico students named a long-haired male student their homecoming queen in 1970, it looked as if the event had become a victim of the rising distaste for tradition. Last year it was canceled for lack of interest.

MIGUEL GANDERT

Duffey-Ingrassia (left): witty and gay

But then things seemed to be back on the track after it was announced recently that this year's winner would definitely be a woman. New Mexico Governor Jerry Apodaca even made plans to crown his alma mater's homecoming queen.

Then the local radio station leaked the results: Militant feminist and self-avowed lesbian P.M. Duffey-Ingrassia had been named the queen. After threats of violence started pouring in, Apodaca announced he wouldn't be attending after all. The half-time ceremony took place nonetheless, at the university's homecoming football game.

Queen Duffey-Ingrassia was unruffled by the fuss: "Right now I feel pretty and witty and gay," she said. "I'm not trying to make a mockery of homecoming. I'd just like to see it brought up to date."

The Word

The Woodward bug

Watergate has not cost Bob Woodward his sense of humor about bugging. The reporter, who along with Carl Bernstein broke the Watergate story, is now back at the *Washington Post* after a leave to write a book about Nixon. Recently he was at a Georgetown dinner party along with Sarah McClendon, the feisty reporter who covers the White House for several Texas newspapers. McClendon arrived after Woodward and promptly headed for the phone, to dictate a last-minute story to her editor. Woodward, unbeknownst to McClendon, sneaked up the stairs and got on an extension. Midway through the conversation, Woodward broke in and disguised his voice in a gruff tone that was apparently convincing: "Hey, Jim. We've got that old bag McClendon. Let's get a voice print of her." McClendon panicked but Woodward was undaunted. "Keep that tape running, you guys. We've got to get her story." It was well into dessert by the time Woodward confessed.

So we beat on (and then one fine day . . .)

Twenty-six years after F. Scott Fitzgerald's death, the Catholic Church has finally decided to let the author's relatives bury him in the family plot at St. Mary's Cemetery in Rockville, Maryland. The body of Zelda Fitzgerald, who died in a 1948 sanitarium fire, will also be moved to the new plot.

Fitzgerald had requested burial in the St. Mary's plot where his father was buried. But when he died, Catholic officials refused Fitzgerald burial on the grounds that he was not a practicing Catholic and that his books were disapproved of by the Church. So Scott and later Zelda were buried across the road at Rockville Cemetery, where their graves have become minor meccas for literary admirers.

Fitzgerald: going home

The new move comes at the request of Fitzgerald's granddaughter, Frances Fitzgerald Lanahan Smith, who felt the Rockville grave was poorly tended and hard for admirers to reach. The Catholic archdiocese of Washington, D.C., made no comments on Fitzgerald's character in approving the move, noting only that "other members of the family were already interred at the site."

Mind & Body

Getting to the root

Give it what meaning you will. The biggest comer in the health food business these days appears to be the reputed aphrodisiac and cure-all, ginseng root. Although no figures are available from any central source, a spot check with natural food stores confirms the word-of-mouth report that ginseng root is enjoying surging popularity.

If nothing else, the ginseng craze says a lot about consumer credulity. According to some health food pitchmen, the benefits of the ancient Chinese herb are pretty near boundless. One salesman told us it improves sex and general health and is especially salutary for the heart. Another said it purifies the blood, eases pain, heals sores, relaxes nerves and "puts good thoughts in your head."

All that's missing is evidence. Says Harvard nutritionist Frederick Stare, "No legitimate medical publication has ever run a study substantiating a single claim for ginseng. There's absolutely no reason to take it. It's worthless." Dr. Stare's opinion is shared by the Food and Drug Administration: It labels ginseng root a "nostrum" (a quack remedy).

Most ginseng root sold in the U.S.—at $10 to $15 an ounce—is advertised as Asian-grown. More than likely it's actually domestic. The root has been cultivated commercially in Appalachia for 200 years, and in Georgia it has become a minor cash crop. The state produces so much that it exports tons every year—to Asia.

Fast foods

Unknowingly, some American children may be mainlining their own form of speed. A University of Pittsburgh physician has found that when he eliminated foods with colorings and additives from the diets of chronically hyperactive schoolchildren, the kids calmed down so much that both parents and teachers noted marked improvement in their behavior.

For four weeks, the physician placed 15 hyperactive children on a diet free of such chemically laden staples as luncheon meats, hot dogs, instant breakfast drinks, margarine and soy sauce. At the same time, 15 other hyperactive children were allowed to eat regular fare. At the end of the period, the doctor collected teacher and parent impressions of the children's behavior. The reports on all 15 of those on chemical-free diets were favorable, whereas no reports on the other children were.

The findings raise serious questions about the conventional treatment for childhood hyperkinesis: daily medication with amphetamines, which stimulate adults but sedate children. Despite serious side effects, some 700,000 U.S. pupils are getting amphetamine-type drugs (chiefly Ritalin) to make them more docile. And maybe all they need is less fast food.

"Shopping can be the thrill of victory or the agony of the feet."

I just bought a Superscope AM/FM portable radio with a built-in cassette tape recorder. It didn't cost much more than a good AM/FM portable radio. Yet it lets me tape AM/FM radio music while I'm listening—or even tape my own music. For once I got a good buy instead of a bunion.

The Superscope CR-1000A AM/FM portable radio/cassette recorder features a built-in condenser microphone, automatic record level and AC/DC operation.

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PostScripts

Scott-free (*NT*: Sept. 5, 1975)

Scott Camil is the former organizer for Vietnam Veterans Against the War who was shot in the back by Drug Enforcement Administration agents last spring, and then charged with possession of cocaine with intent to sell. On October 18 he was acquitted of all charges against him. The jury needed only 90 minutes to reach its verdict. Foreman Cal Dauphinee later told reporters, "We felt that it was an absolutely deliberate shooting."

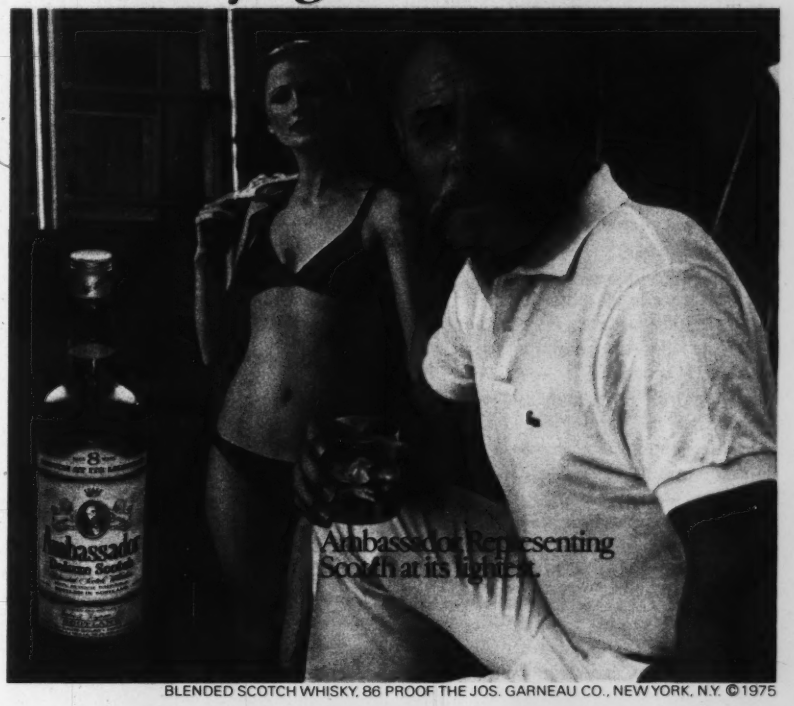
The judge ordered the government to return all the materials it seized from Camil's house in the hours after the shooting, but some of it is still missing. Camil plans to go to court to find out why. Meanwhile, a state grand jury intends to look into the circumstances of the shooting. Camil is also seeking to testify before the Senate committee chaired by Henry Jackson (D-Wash.) that is investigating the Drug Enforcement Administration.

Despite the flimsiness of the government's case, Camil had to spend a lot of money to defend himself. Even with the help of donations, he now has $23,000 in trial-related debts, and he's still not sure he's out of the woods: "We're concerned that if the agents are indicted, my safety will be in jeopardy. But I'm going to testify anyway." In the meantime, Camil has decided to take a "straight job" and to assume a "low profile" in an undisclosed Florida city.

Who killed Kennedy? (*NT*: April 18, Sept. 19, 1975)

As doubts about the Warren Commission's conclusions continue to mount (Senator Richard Schweiker says the report is about to "collapse like a house of cards"), Bantam Books is rushing into print with *"They've Killed the President": The Search for the Murderers of John F. Kennedy*. The 448-page paperback original is by *New Times* Political Editor Robert Sam Anson. An expanded version of Anson's articles on the assassination for this magazine, the book attempts to establish that there was a conspiracy in Dallas—and that a cover-up still continues. It will be in bookstores in a couple of weeks.

The Ambassador.
Recently sighted off St.Thomas.



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Share Your Air

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- Boating
- Relaxing
- Sunbathing
- A Super Water Raft
- Playing

The Only Guest Bedroom You Store On A Shelf

Inflate-A-Bed—the ultimate in a sleeping experience. It's a luxurious velvet-tufted air coil bed you inflate in minutes with a vacuum cleaner (comes with adapter), or any air pump. Use it as your permanent mattress or store it on a shelf for overnight guests. Use it in a camper, or doze your way across a lake on it (the soft, flocked finish prevents sticking or burning while sunbathing).

Inflate-A-Bed takes the sea-sickness, immobility, and water out of waterbeds, but gives the same relaxing give-and-take feel. The specially patented "air coil" construction, consisting of individual polyvinyl air support coils, supports your body evenly—you don't sink down, and the sides don't fly up as with inexpensive vinyl plastic furniture. No frame or innerspring is needed yet it is more comfortable than a conventional mattress. A Full Warranty is included.

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HIGH NOON AT THE WASHINGTON POST

By Philip Nobile

The pressmen are convinced management is out to smash the union. Management *knows* the pressmen smashed the presses. Now both sides have blood in the eye, in a strike that symbolizes a new bitterness in labor relations

At approximately 4:30 on the morning of Wednesday, October 1, Jim Hover, assistant foreman of the *Washington Post* pressroom, heard a strange sound. The presses had suddenly stopped. Something was wrong. There were more than 54,000 more copies left to run off.

Curious about the abrupt lull in operations, he left his office to enter the *Post*'s cavernous, block-long printing plant to discover what had happened. Halfway through the pressroom, he was jumped by a gang of union brothers. They threw him to the floor and held him there. "You didn't see anything," one of the attackers threatened.

What Hover was supposed to forget he saw was the deliberate and calculated sabotage of the *Post*'s presses by a wild bunch of night shift pressmen from Local No. 6 of the Newspaper and Graphic Communications Union. A half hour of mutiny rendered the *Post*'s machinery inoperable. All 72 units of the nine huge presses sustained damage. Wires were cut, control panels smashed, vital parts removed. A press was set afire and gasoline was later found in the pressmen's locker room. Even the fire extinguishers were tampered with. Arrows directing various machine routines were sprayed with paint. The cost of the damage was estimated at between $1 and $2 million. The insurance company representative said it was the worst such disaster he had ever assessed.

To remind Hover of his bad memory, he was viciously beaten. Around 5:00 o'clock, he staggered into the office of the *Post* general manager, Mark Meagher, bleeding from a head wound that would require 12 stitches. He informed Meagher of the rampage below deck. Pickets were already on the street.

The *Washington Post* did not appear on October 2. And during the first 48 hours, the atmosphere at the *Post* building was volatile. The picketing pressmen were joined by eight other unions, including the mailers, photoengravers, machinists and electricians. But the *Post* unit of the Washington-Baltimore Newspaper Guild, which is comprised of editors, reporters, photographers and the commercial personnel of the advertising and clerical departments, split rather hotly on the strike. The majority of them refused to budge from their typewriters, facilitating the *Post*'s sustained publication. The paper's management enlisted an armada of helicopters to pick up the printing plates on the building roof and transport them to six nonunion shops in Virginia and Maryland where an abbreviated version of the paper was printed.

One pressman, Charlie Davis, claimed that two years ago, over coffee in the *Post* cafeteria, publisher Kay Graham had told him that she had hired new management heavyweights John Prescott and Larry Wallace, who were well-versed in labor struggles, so that she could "fuck the unions." The strikers now felt she was fulfilling her promise. They were frustrated by the paper's ability to continue to publish while they picketed in front of the building on K Street. This frustration led to a series of ugly incidents. Ben Bradlee, the executive editor, crossing the picket line along with Meg Greenfield, the deputy editorial page editor, was abused with foul obscenities that simultaneously confirmed and denied his sexual orientation. Bradlee reacted with class. He simply flashed the bird, wiggling his right middle finger over his belt at the enraged mob. According to union leaders, this action spurred the pickets to menace other loyalist reporters. They beat up William McPherson, the book review editor, and threw a two-by-four at a woman reporter. A flying wedge of pickets laid into a busload of civilian-dressed rent-a-cops whom they mistook for scabs.

The *Post* management responded with guns and butter—a court injunction restricting outside agitators and free lunches for the non-observing Guildsmen indoors.

On the fifth day of the strike, Kay Graham addressed an assembly of employees who chose to come to work. "I have no illusions that you are here on some uncritical, automatic basis," she said. "I know that the same depth of conviction that caused you to make this difficult decision will cause you to go out in support of what we all know could be a very prolonged strike if you believe the position of management vis-à-vis pressmen is unfair." After reciting management's script on the horrors perpetrated by pressroom featherbedding, she brought up the bottom line, the future of the grand and glorious *Washington Post*. "Going into these negotiations, it was made clear to us that, unless we were able to find ways to manage our own paper, our efficiency would continue to go down . . . jobs would be lost . . . the quality of the *Post* would be jeopardized . . . and ultimately, this would no longer be the

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

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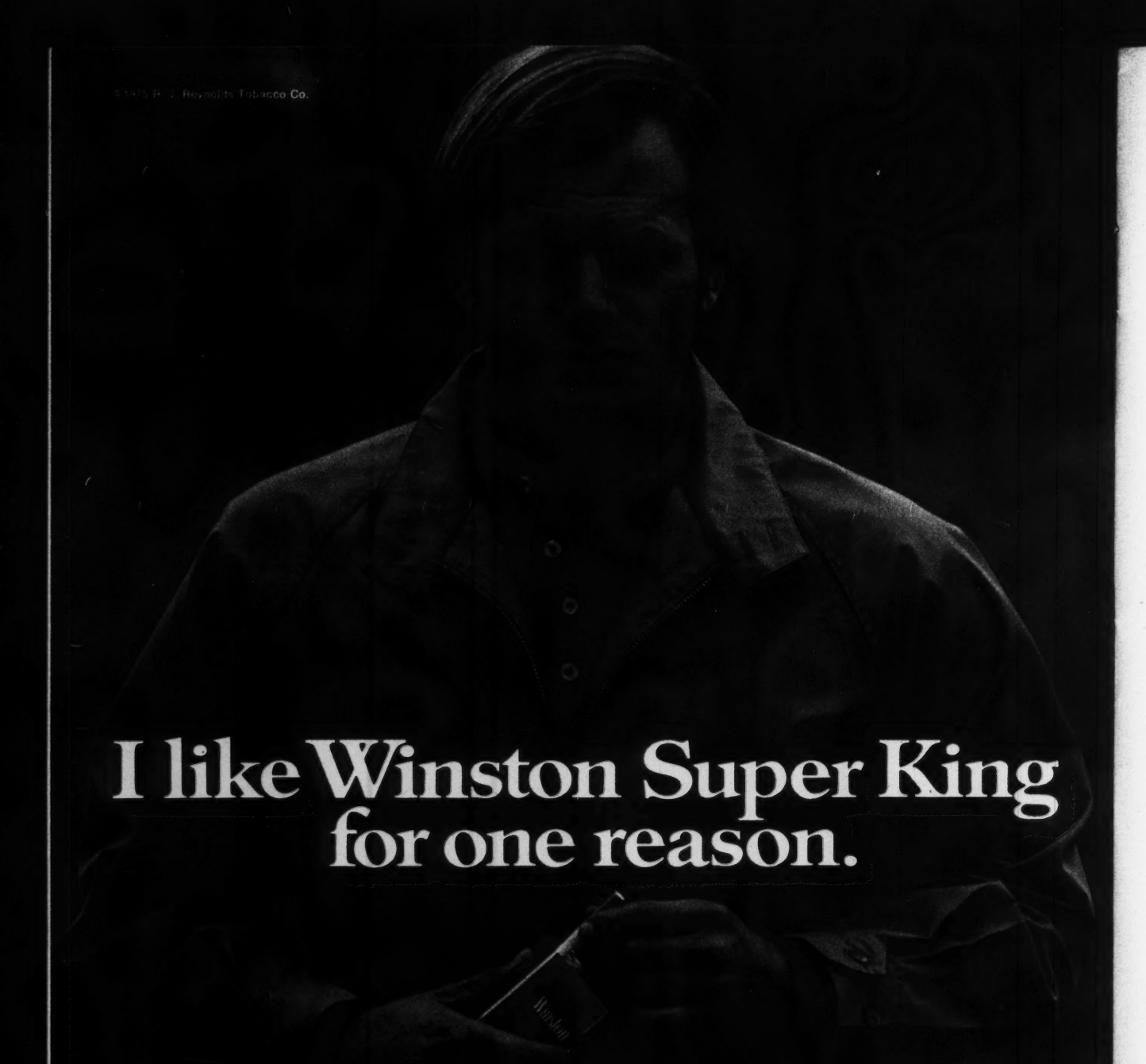


I like Winston Super King for one reason.

Winston Super King gives me more of what counts: taste. A lot of extra-long cigarettes give you more length, but less taste. Real taste is what smoking's all about. For me, Winston Super King is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

great newspaper you have made it."

The members of Local 6 of the Newpaper Graphics and Communications Union interpreted Graham's insistence on finding ways to "manage our own paper" to mean that she wanted to break their union. They pointed to the fact that locals in Dallas, Kansas City, Miami, Portland and Los Angeles had already been busted. They felt that their walkout was the last stand against the American Newspaper Publishers Association "conspiracy" to seize control of the nation's pressrooms at any price.

Like other newspaper publishers, Graham had dispatched a sizable number of commercial and management personnel to the Newspaper Production Research Center, a "scab school" in Oklahoma City where they were trained to operate the presses. It is supported by the dues of 200 member newspapers that may take advantage of its management and technical training courses. Thus

"We're not asking a man to give up his home, but maybe we're asking him not to buy a boat"

Graham had injured the union's bargaining position by ensuring that the paper could be printed without them. As a result, it seems that the union felt the only way to pressure the management was by destroying the presses as an overture to a strike. By doing so, they offended the Guild members so much that many of them opposed, rather than honored, the walkout.

The *Post* strike, in its fifth week as this story goes to press, may turn out to be the harbinger of a new climate in labor relations. During the expansionist Sixties, management, both private and public, felt generous. Cities across the country bestowed wage increases and fringe benefits on their municipal unions, while private industry quite properly sliced off larger pieces of the profit pie for trade unions and management teams. Now that the inevitable crunch has come, both generosity and patience are pinched. New York City, bankrupted largely by its overly generous municipal union contracts, is trying to save itself in part by revoking many of those self-same wage increases and benefits. Other cities may soon have to follow suit.

The situation is not as acute in the private sector, largely because corporations had never been that generous to begin with. But even there, friction between management and labor seems to be on the increase, particularly in industries, such as publishing, where a prepared management can—in a showdown—function without unions. The *Post* strike, indeed, is a textbook case in which a shrinking profit picture has inflamed animosities in labor relations that had simmered harmlessly all through the boom years.

The Post Position

In almost every way, 1972 was the best year the Washington Post Company has ever experienced.

Annual Report 1972

Last year's financial results were the best in the Company's history.

Annual Report 1973

Despite the very large resources needed to meet the challenges of 1974, the Company achieved an increase in earnings.

Annual Report 1974

The Washington Post Company prints money. Given the nature of the corporation's multimedia spread, it could hardly do otherwise. With *Newsweek*, four TV outlets, two radio stations, the *Trenton Evening Times* and *Sunday Times-Advertiser*, half-interest in a Canadian paper mill and the *Post* itself gaining capital hand over fist, the Company finished 1974 in the *Fortune* 500, albeit in 498th place in total sales of $287.6 million. However, a clear profit of $14.4 million, what remained after expenses and taxes, moved the Company up to 379th place in net income. The recent past has been especially kind. According to a *Forbes* survey of 859 top American businesses, the Post Company ranks 217th in profitability on a five-year record.

Despite this splendid financial achievement, management poor-mouths the future. *Post* executives have shown short-term projections to an outside consultant portending financial ruin for the paper if the current downturn is not quickly reversed. Since the *Post* accounts for the greatest portion of the conglomerate's net income, Kay Graham cannot afford to let the paper's costs get out of hand. The *Post*'s profit margins have steadily declined in the Seventies—from a high of 15.1 percent in 1969 to a low of 9.1 percent in 1974. Though circulation and advertising linage climbed impressively during the same period, expenses soared. Fiscal 1975 promises

WIDE WORLD

The night of the long wrenches: the damage was estimated at almost $2 million.

Philip Nobile is a free lance whose latest book is Intellectual Skywriting: Literary Politics and The New York Review of Books.

more bad news, specifically, a 10 percent slump in the paper's 1974 $10.9 million profits. The Company's first half earnings are already off almost 25 percent.

Frightened by this drift toward Parkinsonian economics, the *Post* determined to introduce severe belt-tightening. Unfortunately, its options were narrowed by the fixed expenses of the newspaper business. For example, the *Post*'s private 1975 budget indicates that $40.6 million, representing approximately 30 percent of expected revenues, was allocated for the purchase of newsprint and ink alone. Therefore, the relatively non-fixed expenses of labor provided the most fruitful field for pruning. *Post* executives offered a crumb by sacrificing two kitchen aides ($32,000). Fischetti cartoons were eliminated for a savings of $40 a week. Five thousand dollars was lopped off the newsdealers' Christmas party. But the belt Kay Graham yearned to tighten the most belonged to the pressmen, whose alleged profligacy was consuming an inordinate share of the *Post*'s payroll. "These high wage payments . . . are a principal factor in a steadily worsening profit situation for the *Washington Post*," states a management white paper. According to the 1975 budget, the 180 pressroom journeymen would earn $2.5 million in annual straight-time pay, an additional $1.3 million in overtime and another $328,000 in penalty time.

"The pressmen create too much overtime by jiggling hours," said John Dower, the *Post*'s 65-year-old vice-president for communications. "It's entirely too simple for them to delay the press run beyond the normal shift in order to assure penalty time."

Like many of his colleagues, Dower slept on his office couch during the early days of the strike, his suitcase on the floor behind his large slab desk. Relaxed and nonchalant behind his modified walrus mustache, Dower reflected management's utter self-confidence.

Precisely what evidence does the *Post* have to prove the pressmen's goldbricking? Dower was vague on the details, but he pointed to an excessive number of "web breaks"—tears in rolls of newsprint as they wind through the presses. Web breaks necessitate delays while the pressmen's pay meters continue to tick off overtime and/or penalty time. Nine percent net profit doesn't faze Dower. "When your gross income rises $45 million in five years [1969-1974] and your percentage of net income goes down, something must be done," he emphasized. "The trend is what worries us. Before long we'd be in the *Star*'s position." (The deficit-ridden *Star* is the only other paper in town.)

UPI

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL McCARTHY

Above, Kay Graham and Ben Bradlee clowning during better times.
Below, Pressmen's Union President Jim Dugan frowning over the stalemate.

Management's sudden toughness in negotiations after decades of acquiescence perturbs the craft unions. It seems as if the Company is out to redeem past sins by crucifying the pressmen in 1975. Dower disagreed. "We said over and over we'd negotiate changes. We said we didn't expect to redress everything in one contract. There's got to be give and take. We were willing to give. If they hadn't trashed the pressroom, things would have been different." The *Post* has filed suit against the unions for the damage. Dower hinted that the unions wanted the suit dropped as part of a new contract. "Prosecution is not negotiable," he said. "The civil and criminal suits are matters of principle. We can't say, 'What the hell, we'll forget that if you sign the contract.' "

Even if the pressmen are worth less than their bloated average salary of $22,586 (a $14,588 scale minimum plus all the overtime they can grab), the *Post* has accustomed them to this standard of living through its own fault. Management has allowed pressmen's wages to double over the last ten years. Nobody forced the Company to sign away its treasure. To presume now that the pressmen could meet their financial obligations with an income closer to their minimum scale of $14,588 suggests a singular lack of compassion. Don't pressmen have mortgages, tuition and other big bills to pay? "I don't expect them to like it," comments Dower with a dry eye. "But I'm sure the loss won't be great in the long haul. It's the fat

cats with the seniority who walk off with most of the overtime."

"We're not asking a man to give up his home," interjected Marty Davis, Dower's ad hoc assistant. "But maybe we're asking him not to buy a boat. You buy a house on straight time. A boat is a hustle. So maybe a guy won't be going on as many cruises." Davis gleefully remarks that Jim Dugan (the president of the pressmen's union) owns three trotting horses and races them at Bowie.

Davis, a former TV reporter and an aide to Congress' black caucus, cited two reasons why his liberal sympathies have not extended to the strikers. "One, I look at them to see if they have enough to eat. And they have more than enough. Two, they've got no black pressmen." Is it a racist union? "You better believe it."

Washington is a city whose population includes over 60 percent blacks, many of them poor and unemployed. And yet there are no blacks among the *Post*'s 180 journeymen and 13 apprentices, although 5 of the 18 "flymen," or junior apprentices, are black. This has always been an embarrassment to a newspaper that flaunts its liberal reputation. But management seems to have no control of the hiring. Instead, the *Post* simply tells the union hiring hall how many employees it needs, and union representatives do all the selecting.

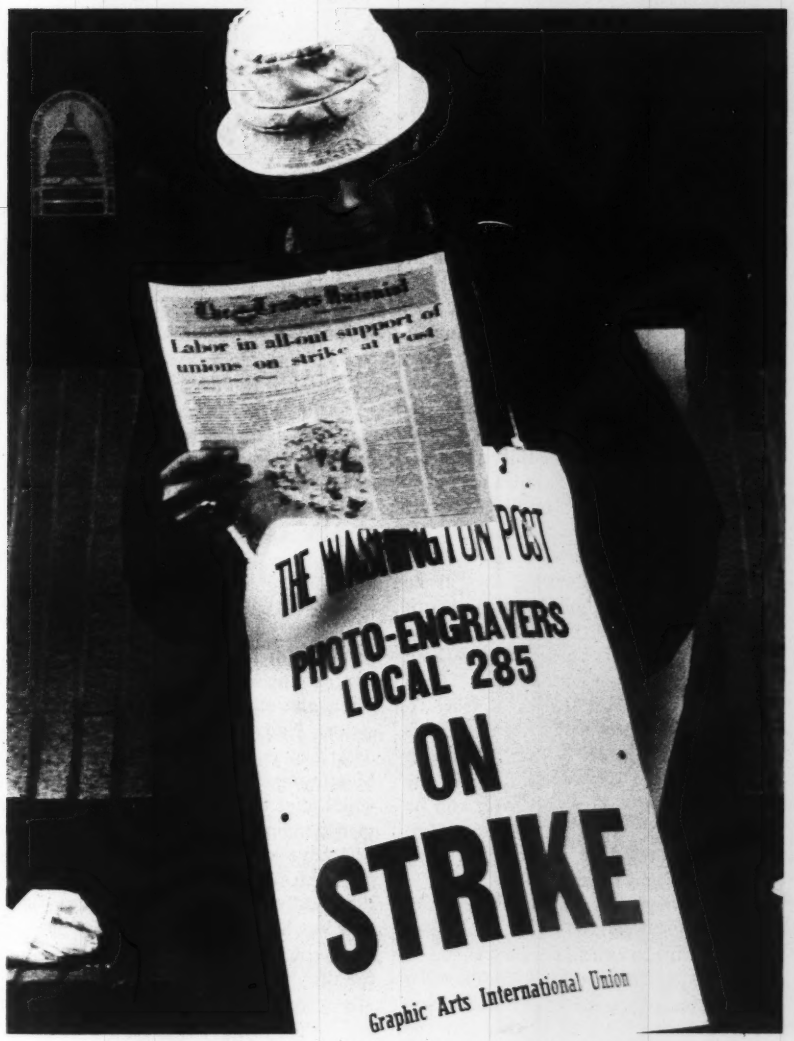
Despite all these complaints about the union, one insider very close to the top at the *Post* claims that management did not seek to confront the union until they were forced to. "We didn't choose to take the strike," he says. "We didn't want it. We don't want it. It's the prime advertising season and our losses are real. Obviously, newspapers cannot win a strike when they can't publish. It's not any accident that this is the most featherbedded industry. Training nonunion people to work the presses balances the equation. I hesitate to say this, but we have more manning than some papers require—for the same kind of presses and runs." According to a *Post* reporter familiar with the situation, the 18 *Post* pressmen used to perform exactly the same job as 10 *Los Angeles Times* pressmen. "Yet we don't want to bust the union. The membership may believe we're out to bust them, but not Brian Flores [the Guild president] or Jim Dugan. All you have to do is read our contract with the printers—it guarantees lifetime jobs to 600 men. The Guild contract we had on the table before the 1974 strike was the same contract the Guild signed afterward with tiny differences. So whatever mysterious ends we have in mind, union busing isn't one of them.

Is it a racist union? "You better believe it"

"To be a strong newspaper, you have to be a strong business—to say no to certain advertising and politicians. You also have to be strong enough to handle bad times, and the financial trend in newspapers is ominous."

Which translates: You have to be strong enough to "handle" the unions. And the night of the long wrenches, according to *Post* executives, proves exactly how out of hand the pressmen's union had become.

But these considerations have become mute since the pressroom war, which management uses as justification for their rigid position. The insider explains, "The pressmen were pretty goddamn well-organized. The damage was highly individualized, as if specific men were assigned to specific presses. What happened here October 1 was an elaborate attempt to do the maximum possible destruction. The people who committed acts of violence will never work here again."



PHOTOGRAPH BY GWENDOLYN STEWART

A member of one of the eight other unions that joined the pressmen, reading his own favorite newspaper.

The Union Position

Not surprisingly, Jim Dugan, president of the local pressmen's union, does not quite see it that way. He would have the world believe the *Post* acted in bad faith. For that reason, he says, he phoned the pressroom at 4:15 a.m., October 1, and

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL McCARTHY

Shades of a war zone: for two weeks, helicopters transported printing plates to nonunion suburban shops.

ordered his men out. (Whether he gave other signals during the same conversation is for a grand jury to examine.) Sitting in his makeshift strike headquarters, a dingy apartment on Massachusetts Avenue nearby the *Post*, Dugan appears at peace with events.

"We knew no union in the country was breaking new ground," he said in a soft drawl, as several of his comrades looked on in attentive silence. "All we wanted was to protect erosion and get a few dollars more for extra benefits. We would have liked more sick days and vacation. But it's been a goddamned war since the last contract in 1973. There's no doubt in my mind the *Post* wants to bust its unions." Although the rank and file reflexively yell rape at the slightest probe of their prerogatives or practices, Dugan can point to apparent anti-union tactics of management—letters of reprimand for minor infractions such as spilling ink, the training of nonunion personnel in union crafts at the "scab school" in Oklahoma City, the laying off of 36 pressmen last year (subsequently restored to work by court order), the refusal to marathon bargain and the constant bragging by management that the paper could publish without its pressmen. Dugan dates the shift in the *Post*'s union relations to the 1972 arrival of labor negotiator Lawrence Wallace and newspaper division president John Prescott, who just left the job in August. Before they came it was fat city at the family-owned *Washington Post*. But after the paper went public in 1971, the tough managerial types got going.

Dugan dismisses the management's cardinal complaints about nonproductivity. He contends the pressroom is undermanned rather than overmanned, thus causing the mounting overtime. If the *Post* would only schedule its pressruns better, allowing for a full four hours rest between shifts, it wouldn't have to pay so much in penalty time to double-shift workers. Dugan won't accept the blame for mismanagement. "They never used the word 'featherbedding' before this strike," he declares. "There was a time when you did business with these people when charges weren't made. They holler that we make $22,500 a year. To do that we've got to work a six-and-a-half-day week, 52 weeks a year. We work every night and all weekend. This guy over there has worked 24 years and he doesn't get Saturday night off. I'm off Friday night, but I have to work Saturday day and Saturday night."

Although the pressmen's contract expired at 12:01 a.m., October 1, Dugan was preparing to extend the bargaining. A few hours before deadline he delivered a handwritten note to Larry Wallace saying, "We are willing to work under the terms and conditions of the present contract only as long as meaningful negotiations continue." But a post-midnight call from Wallace persuaded him that no progress would evolve from a scheduled meeting the next morning. The membership was anxious to strike anyway. So at 4:15 a.m. he phoned the shop steward's office to recommend that the pressmen "finish up, shut down and come on out."

"Wallace thought he screwed us by having a morning session," Dugan remarks. "He thought he'd be jerking us off some more. We knew they were going to put us out, and we decided to hurt them in the pocketbook." But he denies the pressroom incident was premeditated, citing a ridiculous mass "temporary insanity" defense.

"Most people do what Dugan says," comments a pressman outside the *Post* building. "But that morning some did not. We could have burned the place down if we wanted, but we set the alarms off when we saw the fire."

Featherbedding also exists in the upper echelons of the *Post*, according to a stockholder who prefers anonymity. He refers not to the $415,500 payroll set aside for the seven top managers and assistants or the $186,778 aggregate salary of the four top editors, but rather to the $75,000 bonus Larry Israel, the Post Company's $150,000-a-year president, receives for each year the corporation's pre-tax income exceeds $14 million. Then there is the Incentive Compensation Plan, established in 1974. As described in the 1974 Notice of Annual Meeting and Proxy Statement, the plan vouchsafes cash prizes "primarily to key management and professional employees who have made significant contributions to the profitability of the Company." Had the plan been in effect in 1973, the winners would have divvied up $637,450. "I think you might buy a couple of pressmen for that," mused the stockholder. Actually, for the incentive largesse of $637,450, you could subsidize 43 pressmen at scale or 28 pressmen at their average yearly salary that includes overtime.

"We could have burned the place down if we wanted, but we set the alarms off when we saw the fire," a pressman boasts

Warren Rye is one of the more enthusiastic pickets walking the line in front of *Post* headquarters. He likes to bait the non-strikers with insults as they file into the 15th Street entrance. He leers at the women and challenges the men with macho defiance, daring them into confrontation. But nobody tangles with him—he's too tall, young and strong. "Hang your head in shame," he yells to Bob Woodward. "You'll be sweeping the floors next week," he screams at a group of well-dressed editors . . . ."Katharine can get you to do anything she wants."

Rye has spent the last 12 years in the *Post*'s pressroom. He admires Dugan and backs the strike unequivocally. "They want to take away our benefits because their profits went down," he says in a swift summary of the pressmen's alienation. "They tried to put 36 of us on substitute work last December, although they paid more in overtime while we were out. They don't even alert us when there is a bomb scare. All they want is more, faster production."

The *Washington Post* pressmen aren't wetbacks. Although their environment is hazardous to hearing and their night hours disruptive of family life, their 35-hour week, four weeks vacation, $14,588 base pay and aggressive behavior rob them of their liberal constituency. And if Asst. U.S. Attorney Earl Silbert is successful with his ongoing grand jury inquiry into the pressroom riot, a number of the 114 pressmen who were working at 4:15 a.m. on October 1 may be serving triple time in prison. However, the union has heretofore impeded Silbert's progress by taking the Fifth Amendment en masse. Grants of immunity could loosen a few tongues. But some *Post* executives despair that without arrest and conviction, a shaky prospect at the moment, the paper will have to reemploy the arsonists.

The Guild Position

Caught between the black and white positions of the *Post* management and the pressmen's union are a majority of the Guild members, most of whom are generally as sympathetic to union complaints as they are horrified by the violence that has so far characterized this strike. The *Washington Post* is considered a liberal paper, and, under normal circumstances, its Guild membership could be expected to fall in line with a union walkout faster than the Guild units of other, more conservative, papers. This time, however, the Guild split almost down the middle. The left faction, unionists to the core, regarded the night of the long wrenches with the same equanimity

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that some antiwar radicals greeted Weathermen bombings—regrettable but understandable."Having pushed the pressmen into a corner, having trained scabs to do their jobs . . . .Did not the *Post* help light the fire?" wrote John McClintock, chairperson of the *Baltimore Sun*'s unit. They were less forgiving of their peace-loving colleagues in the right faction who rejected union casuistry for an adamant anti-hooliganism stance. The leftists, about 200 strong, almost eeked out a pro-strike mandate on a third and final vote on October 6, but the Guild balloting concluded with an unresounding 270-255 vote against the strike. Three days later Brian Flores, the controversial administrative officer of the Washington-Baltimore Newspaper Guild, warned the 600 or so *Post* unit collaborationists still on the job that they were in willful violation of three articles of the Guild Constitution. A strike is a strike, as every union man knows in his heart.

"Just as George Wallace may not stand in the door to prevent school desegregation and Louise Day Hicks may not stand in the way of school buses in Boston," Flores scolded in an open letter dated October 9, "individuals within unions may not take our union's law into their own hands nor make decisions on which they will obey and endorse and which they will not." Flores raised the specter of union trials for those who did not cease toiling for the *Post*. The right faction retaliated by organizing themselves into a group called The Washington Post Majority and retained counsel to counter Flores.

The fact that Flores could not impose simple union discipline on the *Post* Guild unit can be traced to several factors. Last April, the Guild deserted management for 16 days during the so-called "Polish Strike," in which the strikers refused to enforce their claims with a standard picket line. The humiliating incident resulted in lowering the consciousness of editorial types. On Flores' advice they had boycotted the paper on money issues, their soft-headed strategy being "withdrawal of excellence." Not only did management skirt the reporters' walkout with wire copy and Kay Graham's maiden journalism, but the *Post* turned a profit of $75,000 in their 16-day absence. And when they returned, they settled embarrassingly close to management's original generous offer, which the strike-prone Flores had kept from them. Is it any wonder that the majority of Guildsmen now ignored the bidding of their professional union commander? "You must have an abstract attachment to the concept of trade unionism that borders on the fanatic to support the pressmen," comments *Post* columnist Nicholas Von Hoffman.

Bill McKaye, an editor of the *Post*'s Sunday magazine, "Potomac," crossed the line for the first couple of days. But he questioned his own actions and those of the other Guild members. "I believe the paper should shut down and settle with the unions," he said. "What I find ominous is that a number of Guild people don't think they have common cause with craftsmen. They feel professionally superior to guys with dirt under their fingernails. The Guild is very likely on the verge of collapse because it can't act like a union." And, with few exceptions, the biggies in the *Post* newsroom care less.

"What I find ominous is that a number of Guild people don't think they have a common cause with craftsmen. They feel professionally superior to the guys with dirt under their fingernails"

Sander Vanocur is a rather large, fearsome chap in person. Consequently, the pickets muzzle their abuse when he brushes past on the way to his new job as the *Post*'s radio and television editor. "Hey, big rat" is the worst he rates. "I've never crossed a line in my life before," Vanocur admits. "But I don't feel badly now, mostly because of the violence." Since Vanocur has not joined the Guild (only 80 percent of *Post* employees are required to be members), the union issues do not concern him personally. "I'm a new boy around here and I haven't become involved. I don't want to say anything more."

Walter Pincus, a congressional reporter, returned to the *Post* after resigning from *The New Republic* earlier in the year. Although historically anti-Guild—he eschewed membership as a *New York Times* copyboy in 1955—Pincus reflects the attitudes of many *Post* Guildsmen who question the facile working-class alliance between Hathaway-collar reporters and blue-collar laborers. "I think the editorial end of a newspaper is a profession, not a craft," Pincus says. "Therefore, it's very difficult to unionize. Reporting takes a kind of skill. You shouldn't be protected after four years merely because you've lasted that long." Pincus also places the commonweal over automatic obeisance to a union picket. "My sympathies lie with the production of the paper. We're different from other businesses. Newspapers are somewhat like a public utility, though they make money for their owners. But I draw the line at a strike. The public at large is hurt when information is withheld. All the unions care about is salaries and benefits. They don't give a rat's ass about the quality of the paper."

The high salaries the *Post* lavishes on its MVPs—40 clear $30,000 or more a year—are constantly cited by faithful Guildsmen to explain the betrayal of their union brothers. (It is a bit much when some acquisitive Guild members write in payments for country homes and boats under "special financial problems" on their strike benefit forms.)

Bob Woodward, in spite of his Watergate heroics, is not one of those lucky 40. His salary is only $23,700, or just $1,100 more than the annual average pay for pressmen. Thus, he can hardly be accused of selling out union principles for fat paychecks. He sincerely disputes the necessity for the strike, rejecting both the economic and union principle arguments advanced in the pressmen's behalf. "If they got slave wages, I'd be out on the line myself," he remarks earnestly. "Yet the idea that the union decides what men will work and in what order is bad. If I were the arbitrator, I'd say it's fair for the company to reassert control, but the pressmen should not be expected to take a salary cut in the bargain. I'd devise some formula to exchange control for salary maintenance."

Woodward reserves his strongest objections for the Newspaper Guild leaders, in particular Brian Flores, who ordered the membership out by executive fiat. Apparently, the three strike votes held in the church around the corner from the *Post* were not binding according to a strict interpretation of the Guild's constitution. "This is intellectual fascism," complains Woodward. "Flores adopts the position that the executive committee of the Guild, not the *Post* unit, decides whether to stay out or not. The church votes are like free elections in Russia. They don't make any difference. Well, I'd do anything to dissociate myself from that kind of decision-making. Flores' actions are more fascistic than

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anything that happens in the newsroom."

Woodward freely confesses identifying more with management than with the pressmen. He lauds Mrs. Graham's "humanitarian instincts and business sense," even though he does not approve of every move she's made. Like the *Post*'s management, he looks beyond the horizon and worries about future prospects under present operating conditions. "The *Post* has 2,800 employees. One-fourth to one-third really aren't necessary. Institutions cannot survive for long with such diseconomies cranked in. Twenty years ago, if you said the *Post* would surpass the *Star*, people would have laughed. Anyone who jokes about the *Star*'s overcoming the *Post* someday isn't reading history."

Woodward's pure-motivated apocalypticism escapes bread-and-butter unionists such as Calvin Zellars. Zellars, a young and extremely affable black librarian on the *Post*'s research staff, is chairman of the *Post*'s Guild unit. He backs the strike without hesitation. "I'm the type of union man who feels he should obey the directives of the local board," he says in response to Woodward's fascist-baiting. While Zellars stands four-square with the pressmen for reasons of union orthodoxy, swallowing as fact the bad faith of management's behavior, he understands the lukewarm labor sentiments of his brothers. "In recent years things have come easy for them. If you don't ask the Guild for favors, you think the Company is simply granting benefits. But since 1969, the Guild has negotiated tremendous advances in the contracts of newsroom personnel—three consecutive raises of $66, $100 and $75 a week. Yet most people think they deserved these settlements and that the *Post* would have paid up regardless of the Guild." According to Zellars, it is in the self-interest of reporters to lock themselves out. "Working does them more harm than good. It weakens the Guild's whole position in future negotiations and bargaining. The *Post* would have tried to publish with only the editors just as they did during the 1974 strike, but with the rest of the unions out the fatigue factor would have brought the Company around faster. If the Guild went out, Mrs. Graham wouldn't have any choice but to settle. If she succeeds in breaking the crafts it will be partially our fault."

The crisis of conscience hit Morton Mintz harder than most. The 53-year-old Mintz, who covers government regulatory agencies for the *Post*, is sainted in Washington for his skill and devotion to his unglamorous beat. The journalism review [*More*] bestowed its 1974 A.J. Liebling Award on him for, among several other virtues, "being his own man." After much soul-searching, Mintz, a 30-year veteran of the Newspaper Guild and former chairman of the *Post*'s unit, voted to honor the picket. But Mintz's confreres chose to work, and he went along with them, crossing the line on October 14, the day after his leave of absence ended.

"Everyone on the national staff had gone back but one," said Mintz. "My collaborator Jerry Cohen (on a book on unaccountable power) said this to me: 'It's one thing to throw yourself on the barbed wire for a cause, but another to do it for the pain.'"

The Beneficiary

Ever since the *Post*'s presses burned, the *Washington Star* has been weeping all the way to the bank. The town's second paper, lagging far behind in revenue and circulation, suddenly became a stranger in paradise. As long as the competition remained crippled, it could effortlessly reduce its million-a-month losses and restore the readership that was once its own. Until the *Post* gained ascendancy in the Sixties, the *Star* was the capital's journal of influence and high earnings. Neither the acquisition of the *Washington News* in 1972 nor the infusion of Texas oil money has solidified the *Star*'s financial position. When Joseph Allbritton, an oil and banking executive from Texas, purchased an interest in Washington Star Communications in September 1974, the flagship was on the brink of bankruptcy. A year later, with its reporters on a four-day week and its craft unions unusually docile, the paper was merely on the verge of insolvency. Thus the *Post* strike answered the *Star*'s unsaid prayers. Allbritton would be an innocent bystander to a bonanza. The *Star* increased its weekday pressrun by 50,000 from a base of 370,000. During the wonderful month of October, the paper was up to 2 million ad lines ($2 million) over December of last year, and the number of its daily pages sometimes doubled as a consequence.

Kay Graham could not abide the thought. She tried to drag Allbritton into her domestic crisis by entreating him to print *her* paper on *his* presses. Technically, the afternoon *Star* could run off the morning *Post*, but at what price? Allbritton's pressmen would not tolerate such a cozy arrangement. They would shut the *Star* down before they would scab for the *Post*. Graham knew this well. She was really asking Allbritton to halt publication out of solidarity with management principles. He refused to take the

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hint. A work stoppage would jeopardize the *Star*'s survival. Allbritton could not afford Graham's very expensive suggestion.

James Reston, a director of the New York Times Company and a friend of Mrs. Graham's, lamented Allbritton's hardheartedness in his October 3 column. He observed that it was a "tragedy" that Washington's only two newspapers could not have swum together, "even if they had to go down together." *Star* editor James Bellows viewed Reston's mediation with alarm. "That column sent me right up the wall," he commented with great reservation, after emphasizing his wish to avoid inflaming the controversy. "I don't want to gloat about the strike. We didn't cause it. But to make out that Joe Allbritton was the heavy was terribly unfair." Bellows said as much to Jimmy Breslin, one of the *Star*'s "writers-in-residence," and Breslin decided it was necessary to reply to the grey sage of the *Times*. Bellows and Breslin had both been on the *New York Herald Tribune* in the Sixties and remember feeling uncomfortable about the closeness between *Times* and *Trib* management. The solidarity New York City publishers displayed against the unions then failed to prevent the passing of four newspapers between 1962 and 1968. In fact, the *New York Post* saved itself in 1968 only by making a separate peace with the unions.

Mindful of the New York precedent, Breslin scorned Reston's clubby hauteur on the *Star*'s op-ed page on Saturday, October 4. Since the *Star* subscribes to the *Times* wire service, Reston's column appeared together with that of his outraged critic. Breslin revealed an odd twist in the *New York Times-Washington Post* plot to stall the *Star*'s progress. On Thursday, October 2, the second day of the strike, *Times* publisher Arthur Sulzberger lunched with his equal at the *Star*. Breslin alleges that "Sulzberger urged Allbritton to stick with the *Washington Post* and suspend publication." Sulzberger denies interfering so directly in the *Star*'s affairs. "That's not what transpired, believe me," he remarked to a reporter. "Of course, I didn't advise Mr. Allbritton what to do. He didn't ask my advice . . . and I'm not in any position to give advice. I told him about the New York situation in which the unions learned to whipsaw the papers until they learned to work together." Bellows, who also attended the summit luncheon, stands by the "thrust" of Breslin's observations.

The strike has not deflected Jim Bellows from his primary mission. He quit the *Los Angeles Times*, where he had been associate editor for the Promethean

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task of reviving the *Star* editorially. After almost a year under his careful tutelage, color has returned to the body. For example, a recent page one story on marijuana contained the following description of Indian potheads: "They stripped themselves of all clothing and masturbated almost continuously; their habits became filthy, feces and urine being passed in the bed or on the floor. . . ."

"A newspaper must have an identity and character of its own," remarked Bellows in a deep, almost inaudible voice. "The *Star* didn't have that. We've got to be brassy, irreverent and lively. I think we're on the right track. The *Post* has a national and international image. But the *Star* has to be important to people in the area."

The increased visibility and lavish advertising inspired by the *Post*'s demise has temporarily inflated the *Star*'s significance in metropolitan Washington. Although the *Post* management begrudges the *Star*'s overnight success, it is hard to credit the rumor that Kay Graham intends to run Allbritton out of town. "She's got blood in her eye and would love to see us go under," attests a *Star* reporter on the board of the Guild local. "If she busts the unions, she can hire cheap labor while the *Star*'s costs remain the same. Then she could reduce subscription rates, raid our personnel or raise ad rates so high that the *Post* would soak up ad budgets of businesses that usually advertise in both papers. If you're going to advertise at all, you'd go with the largest paper." Washington businessmen have already declared their delight with the understudy's strike performance, and more revenue will be coming its way after the *Post* recovers. Mrs. Graham would probably not descend into fits of weeping at the fall of the *Star*, but to be the angel of its death is quite another proposition.

Scab Version

"It's a goddamn miracle that we're publishing," remarked Ben Bradlee as he sat in his glassed-in newsroom module on the seventeenth day of the troubles. The executive editor of the *Washington Post* is defiant about putting out a struck paper. During last year's Guild walkout, he covered the Maryland Supreme Court himself while scavenging for sufficient copy to run between ads. During this strike, he has been working seven days a week, sometimes staying late to pitch in with bundling the papers. This schedule has taken the starch out of his striped shirt, but the locker room moxie still overflows.

"I'm not saying it's the same old *Washington Post*," he said. "Our deadline was as early as hell—3:00 o'clock in the afternoon—the first week. Now we're up to within an hour of normal deadline. I'm sure we fell down. I've only got half the news budget. The stories are shorter and we've had to cut back on marginal items, profiles and series. But even so we've had a fantastic series of good scoops." (Bob Woodward on Howard Hunt's assassination plots and the first report of Henry Kissinger's bugged dinner repartee about Nixon, Kennedy, Chou en-Lai and others made up for a multitude of strike-related lapses, such as being a day late on the Watergate prosecutor's final report.)

Bradlee joined the Guild 30 years ago while cubbing for the *Manchester [New Hampshire] Sunday News*. His union loyalty is not what it once was. "I have no ambiguities," he insists. "I'm doing my job. But I understand the anguish people

"Institutions cannot survive for long with such diseconomies cranked in," says Bob Woodward

feel. And I think it tells you a great deal about this strike that the reporters and editors elected to cross the pickets. I don't kid myself that without the violence many would not have come in." The "scab school" issue doesn't violate his fair-play instincts in the least. "I don't understand why it's okay morally for a union to prevent a newspaper from publishing and not okay morally for a newspaper to try to publish. If they can use their resources, why can't we?"

Bradlee pulled out a fading issue of the November 5, 1973, *Post* from a drawer behind his conference-size desk. "We printed this edition 13 hours late during a wildcat printers strike," he proudly stated. "See this white space on the front page? That's where they beat the shit out of the cold type. Well, we proved we could get a paper out ourselves. Ever since then this capability has been part of our armament in bargaining." His liberal heart bleeds little for the anarchists of Local 6. "Why wasn't it enough of a bargaining tool to do what they're doing now—shoveling money into the *Star?* No, that wasn't enough. They want it all."

Bradlee believes the *Post* is equal to the challenge. "With a 48-page paper and a one-third payroll, I don't think we're hurting that much. We can last indefinitely. I don't say it's fun. But there is a kind of esprit." As the bedraggled executive editor traversed the newsroom en route to lunch on Friday, October 17, the spirit did not rise up from the desks to seize him. A lone sadsack picket accosted him at the 15th Street entrance. "The definition of a strikebreaker is a scab," he said in rote fashion. Bradlee laughed.

As of this writing, Jim Dugan and Larry Wallace are still sitting at the bargaining table with Kenneth Moffet of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service. Reports from the private sessions have been contradictory. Both positions were said to have hardened, although one rumor suggested that the *Post* offered new proposals to Dugan in the last week in October which Dugan did not accept. As in every prolonged strike, everyone is a victim and getting weary of fighting. The *Post* has suffered large losses that are irrecoverable, perhaps the worst of which, from their viewpoint, is the emergence of the *Star* as nearly an equal in the eyes of the Washington community.

This is the time when everyone involved, no matter how vehement he may have been at the outset, looks back and decides these things shouldn't happen.

"It is the triumph of the *Washington Post* to pay the highest wages in the country and still have constant union trouble," says Von Hoffman. "Apparently, management's position is that the pressmen are featherbedding egregiously with triple and quadruple time. But it takes two to make a featherbed. If schmucks like me could see the newspaper boom couldn't last, why wasn't management looking down the road? Isn't that what they're supposed to do? They were lucky to be standing there with a bathtub when it rained gold. This strike is as much a reflection of panic management as it is of rapacious unions."

Precisely. And that is what makes the *Post* strike so fascinating. In the current economic squeeze, push has turned to shove in labor relations all across the United States, in private industries as well as in cities such as San Francisco and New York.

The featherbeds on both sides are losing their stuffing, and management and labor leaders are losing their patience. At the *Post*, shove has finally turned to blood, stitches and sabotage. It's eyeball to eyeball, and for once no one knows who will blink first—if anyone. ●

Do you enjoy smoking as much as I do?

I probably enjoy it more. And Salem is why. It's much more than just a good menthol. It's a good cigarette. With all the taste I like.

I enjoy smoking. I enjoy Salem

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg "tar", 1.3 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. 75

Money this kind of

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN AUGUST 1975

VW's new Rabbit is significant because it is a complete departure for Volkswagen, and also because it is the specific type of car that Detroit will be building in the 1980's.

The statistics speak for themselves: accommodation for four, a seventy-horsepower engine, fuel consumption of thirty-eight mpg and a weight of under two thousand pounds.

What they came up with was "a car that doesn't have an ounce of fat, one which provides excellent operating economy, as well as performance and value."

Volkswagen is evidently confident in its new model, because it is covered by the VW Owner's Security Blanket, which is as good as you can get.

Personally, I think that VW's Rabbit is one very good idea ahead of its time.

VW's note: The 1976 EPA estimates for the standard shift model are 39 mpg on the highway, 25 mpg in the city. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

APRIL 1975
Popular Mechanics

The most important new import for 1975 is the VW Rabbit.

The 1800-pound Rabbit is a mechanical masterpiece. It gets up to 60 mph in about 12 seconds—giving it the edge on some V8 subcompacts. Its hatchback design provides 24.7 cubic feet of luggage capacity with the rear seat folded.

VW got the greatest possible amount of usable interior space into the smallest possible outer shell—and an exterior with some style.

JUNE 1975
Popular Science

A totally new kind of small car, Volkswagen's Rabbit, may make things difficult for U.S. small-car makers in the coming months.

Its speed through the maneuvering courses matched or exceeded the best times of the other test cars, and the feeling of control is ever present, even at high speed and in extreme turning tests.

Economy means light weight, small engines. VW has it now. The others have a way to go.

can't buy advertising:

ROAD & TRACK

MAY 1975

The winner, and not by a hare (sorry, couldn't resist). This car does it all: it's small, light, roomy and fast, with nimble and responsive steering, ride and handling. A modern and sophisticated car with a handsome Guigiaro-designed hatchback body, the Rabbit offers one of the most space-saving mechanical layouts we've seen yet: front-wheel drive, transverse engine and a unique, independent rear suspension featuring an integral anti-roll bar and using so little space it's remarkable.

Seats are firm in the German manner and you sit high, viewing the world through an expansive greenhouse.

The Rabbit has a solid feel and an ultramodern look to it. Best of all it is almost sinfully enjoyable to drive.

ROAD TEST

JULY 1975

The Volkswagen Rabbit should be recognized as a true worldcar, it would be as at home commuting in Los Angeles, on a ski trip in the Alps, or chasing kangaroos across Australia. It is the finest example to date of a totally integrated passenger car, useful anywhere in the world and is qualified as no other imported car of 1975 for the Road Test Engineering Award.

CAR and DRIVER

APRIL 1975

Whole populations of drivers will live for years with this car, strongly impressed by its generally nimble disposition and its sensitive feel of the road through the steering wheel and brake pedal. It slips through city traffic like a bicycle and thrives on the parking-space remnants most cars pass by. You can stuff enough groceries for a football team through the rear hatch while the back seat folds and pivots forward out of the way. The only thing you'll need a trailer for is objects too heavy to boost across the high lift-over.

HURRICANE WATCH

By Lawrence S. Burns

Hurricane Carter, after nine years in prison for murders he apparently didn't commit, may be freed this fall, thanks to a high-powered publicity campaign straight from Madison Avenue

This was no ordinary demonstration. It was coolly designed as a media event: a confident Muhammad Ali and an obviously uneasy Ellen Burstyn holding hands and marching in a drizzle through the old and dreary core of Trenton, New Jersey, as hundreds of fans cheered. The fighter and the actress were magnets for an audience, the audience was bait for the media and the media were carriers of a message to Governor Brendan Byrne: that pardoning Rubin "Hurricane" Carter and John Artis, two black men convicted of murder, would be a politically popular gesture. Hand-lettered signs—which on closer inspection proved to be professionally printed—reminded the governor that every Carter supporter was a voter, and poked some fun at others as well ("My God, they pardoned *Nixon!*").

As a public relations gambit, the October 17 rally was a suc-

cess: film clips on the evening news, prominent play in the papers—and rumblings from Byrne's office that some sort of clemency might be on the way. Such success does not come by accident. A public relations problem demands a cool, professional solution.

For George Lois, it was a problem he had faced before. The product is not quite savory, it has a faintly bad smell, respectable people won't buy it. In his sleek Fifth Avenue office, behind a custom-built brick wall, the top advertising executive—the man who has sold Olivetti typewriters, Revlon cosmetics and Tetley tea across America—considered the problem of Rubin Carter: black militant, shaved head, once champion fighter, now convicted murderer. Difficult, yes, but not impossible. George Lois had an idea. He would sell Rubin Carter the way he sold Off-Track Betting. When bookmaking was legalized in New York, it also seemed a bit seedy. So New York hired Lois to polish up OTB's reputation. Lois created the name "New York Bets" and let the state bookmakers bask in the reflected glory of New York's sports teams—Mets, Jets, Nets, Sets . . . Bets. He called up glamorous people, such as Frank Sinatra, Carol Channing, Bob Hope, Jackie Gleason, and got them to pose for OTB endorsements. He wiped away every

RAY GIBSON

grimy trace of the backroom bookmaker, and the remaining image was clean, almost chic. It worked for Off-Track Betting. It is working for Rubin Carter.

Behind prison bars, Carter has waited nine years for something to work. Nine years ago, he was a top fighter making $100,000 a year. In his home town of Paterson, New Jersey, people would stand on the streets and wave as he drove by in his black Cadillac, his nickname "Hurricane" emblazoned in silver on the side. But in the early hours of June 17, 1966, while Carter was driving not his Cadillac but a white Dodge, that life screeched to a halt. Police investigating the brutal murders of three whites in a bar half an hour earlier, on the lookout for two black men in a white car, stopped Carter and his companion, John Artis. Brought to the police station for questioning, both men were released for lack of evidence. Four months later they were arrested, charged with murder and convicted. John Artis was sentenced to life in prison. Because he had a police record, Carter was given two consecutive life terms.

Carter may be an odd product for George Lois, but he is selling better than Tetley. Bob Dylan has written a 13-minute song on Carter's trial, called "Hurricane," for his next album. The Hurricane Carter Trust Fund, housed in a glittering Fifth Avenue office, boasts Muhammad Ali as chairman. The co-chairman is William Friedkin, who directed *The French Connection* and *The Exorcist*. Norman Mailer, Jimmy Breslin and George Plimpton are members of Carter's defense committee. So are an NBC vice-president and the president of Bristol-Myers. Petitions presented to Governor Byrne asking for a retrial have been signed by celebrities ranging from Walt Frazier and Hank Aaron to Johnny Cash, Ellen Burstyn and Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton.

To increase Carter's visibility, Lois planned a series of spectacular public events. In addition to the march in Trenton there was a benefit cocktail party staged last May at a trendy New York dinner club, The Blue Angel. More than 300 people paid $50 each to hear Ali and Friedkin speak. Moving to less fashionable turf, Lois convinced Newark's mayor, Kenneth Gibson, to declare September 6 "Rubin Carter Day." On the same day, in nearby East Orange, a major street was renamed "Justice for Rubin Carter Avenue." A benefit concert starring Aretha Franklin, Marvin Gaye and about 30 others is scheduled in November. (Lois wheedled his friend and client, Michael Burke, president of Madison Square Garden, to donate the Garden for the evening.)

Why did Lois volunteer to mastermind Carter's public relations campaign? "I would have helped anybody who got fucked over like that," he says (although, in fact, he has helped the celebrity, Carter, rather than his companion, Artis). When the murders occurred, Lois, a boxing fan, assumed Carter was guilty. "I thought the son of a bitch just went crazy and killed somebody," he recalled. "He always was kind of a wild man around the ring." But after meeting with Carter for several days of discussion in the Trenton maximum-security prison, Lois changed his mind: "He got screwed—screwed, glued and tattooed."

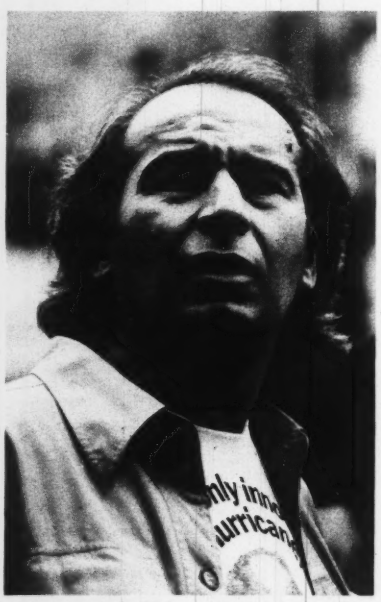
The trail of events that brought Lois into Carter's campaign was blazed six years ago by Richard Solomon, then a 22-year-old student filmmaker. Hoping to make a documentary, Solomon wrote Carter a letter. "I used to like the way Rubin answered reporters' questions after a fight," Solomon recalled recently. "He'd answer questions straight—no Mickey Mouse stuff like you get from other boxers. He was proud, articulate and arrogant." Solomon had never believed Carter guilty. "He was just too bright," he said. "I couldn't imagine him walking into a bar and killing somebody." Solomon and Carter corresponded for five months. When they met, Solomon recalls, "Rubin looked me up and down and couldn't believe how young I was. 'You're just a *boy*,' he said. But I liked him. At first he thought I was going to rip him off He thought everybody was out to get him He did everything he could to make it easy for me to walk away from him."

Solomon didn't walk away. He visited Carter over the next two years, trying to find a way to help him. Soon he was joined by an investigator from the New Jersey Public Defender's Office. An ex-cop and boxing fan, Fred Hogan was not officially on the case but had admired Hurricane and questioned his murder conviction. After meeting Carter, he set out with Solomon to find the two witnesses whose testimony put the black fighter behind bars: Alfred P. Bello and Arthur D. Bradley. Bello and Bradley were ex-cons who said they'd seen Carter and Artis carrying weapons out of the tavern when the murders occurred.

Hogan and Solomon started hanging out in Bradley's favorite bars, hoping to win the man's confidence. Months passed. Bradley admitted nothing. Then, in the summer of 1973, Hogan spotted Bradley in a supermarket parking lot and decided to go for broke. He jumped out of his car and accused Bradley of lying. For five hours the two men paced up and down the lot, Hogan cursing, pleading, cajoling. The statute of limitations on perjury would protect Bradley from prosecution, Hogan emphasized. Bradley had nothing to worry about. His lies had put an innocent man in prison for life. After five hours, Bradley broke.

Yes, he said, yes, he had lied. He did it because the police had him over a barrel. He and Bello were not exactly casual bystanders: They were trying to rob a factory two blocks away from the tavern when the shootings took place. By the time the police figured that out, a grand jury had refused to indict Carter and Artis—there was no evidence. So the cops and the ex-cons made a deal. If Bradley and Bello agreed to testify against Carter and Artis, the police would overlook the factory incident. Otherwise, the two men, who were on parole, would be bounced back to jail. It was a clear choice. Late in 1973 Bello and Bradley appeared as star witnesses before another grand jury. On the basis of the new evidence, Carter and Artis were indicted.

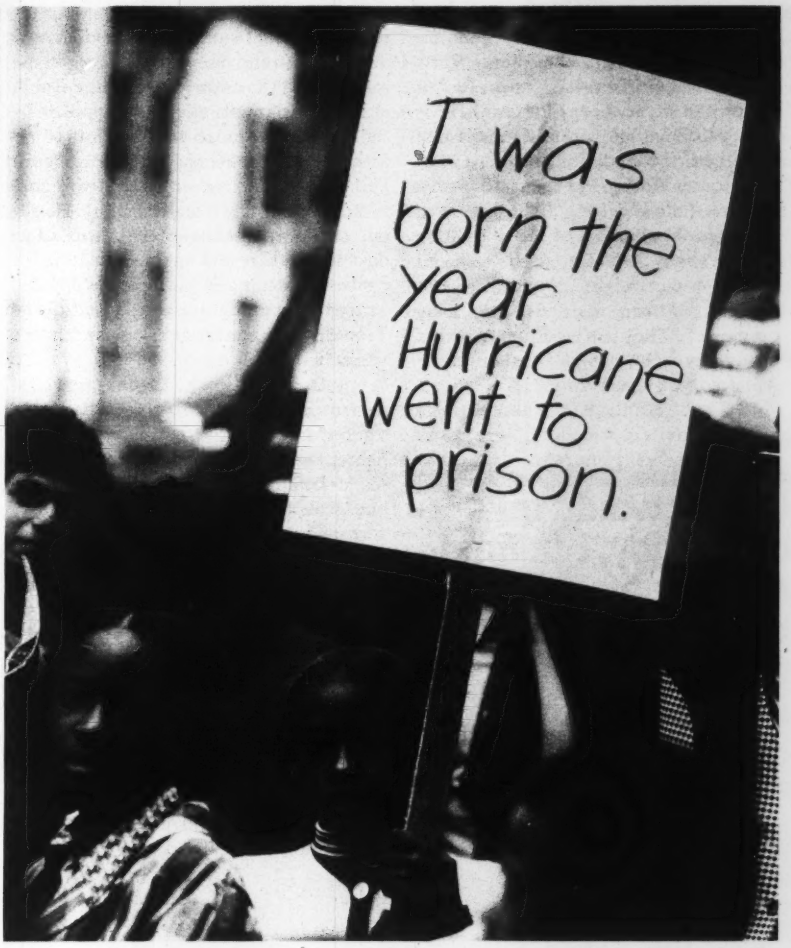
Elated at Bradley's confession, Hogan brought the news back to Carter and Solomon. They decided to go public. After looking for a reporter to write the story, the three men selected Selwyn Raab, a reporter-producer for New York's educational television station. A few months before, Raab had helped free another accused murderer, George Whit-



Adman Lois: His slogans have sold Revlon. Can they help free Rubin Carter?

Lawrence Burns is a staff editor for Harper's *magazine.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZANNE CHARLÉ



Trompe l'oeil: Lois designed homey signs like this and gave them to the marchers.

more Jr., who had served five years in prison. Raab's investigations, which were subsequently the basis for CBS's *Kojak*, revealed that the key witness at the Whitmore trial was a perjurer. (As it happens, Myron Beldock, Whitmore's lawyer, is now representing Carter.) Raab agreed to look into the Carter case, but he warned Solomon, "If I find out that Carter really did it, I'll put that on the front page of the *Times*." Raab's research supported Carter. After speaking with Bradley, he went to see Bello, in jail on a burglary conviction. Bello corroborated Bradley's story. By the time he finished following up other leads, Raab had spent the better part of a year on the story. He took it to the *Times*, and they splashed it on the front page of the September 27, 1974, edition. The story won Raab the Heywood Broun Award for investigatory journalism.

The article also produced ripples. Stories appeared in *Newsweek*, the *Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*. Tom Snyder interviewed Carter for NBC's *Tomorrow* show. George Lois, alerted to the case, went to see the ex-boxer and subsequently undertook his advertising campaign. Raab's news story won Carter a great deal of publicity. But it did not win him his freedom. After the article appeared, Carter and Artis filed a motion for a retrial. However, under New Jersey law, the motion was heard by the same judge who had presided over the original trial. The Honorable Samuel A. Larner thought that Bello's and Bradley's recantations lacked the "ring of truth." The history of the law, Judge Larner observed, indicates that the overwhelming majority of recantations are "unreliable." Although Judge Larner found the recantations unconvincing, one fact remains: Bradley, who could have been sent to prison for up to 80 years, was out after three. Bello was out after six months.

In the course of the hearing, it was learned that the police who interviewed Bello and Bradley after the shootings had made a tape recording of the conversation and had kept the tape secret during the first trial. The defense immediately filed for a mistrial based on the suppression of evidence. A second hearing was held before Larner. After listening to the tapes, Larner rejected the petition. The tapes, he said, neither proved nor disproved the defense contention that the police had forced the two witnesses to lie, and he still saw no reason to believe that Bello and Bradley had lied.

Then the defense stumbled upon something that cast considerable doubt on crucial police testimony: The ammunition the police said they had found in Carter's car, and claimed to have taken to headquarters hours after the murders took place, was not actually turned over until five days later. No one from the defense was present when the car was searched. Was the evidence planted? The defense thinks it was. Oral arguments on this question and on the suppression of evidence will be presented late this year before the New Jersey Court of Appeals, a three-judge panel.

"The recantations will be valuable if we get a retrial," said Solomon, "because if Bello and Bradley refuse to testify, the state won't have a case left. But recantations won't mean much in a court of appeals. Whether we get a new trial will depend on the suppression of evidence motion."

Some of Carter's supporters, off the record, accused Judge Larner of running a kangaroo court. The accusation was not taken seriously by people familiar with Larner's background. Larner once headed an investigation of widespread municipal corruption in Bergen County, New Jersey; the investigation, known as the Larner probe, lasted four years and resulted in indictments of several public officials. As a judge, Larner's style has been compared to that of John Sirica.

But for Carter, Judge Larner's rulings were crushing. For a moment he had thought he would surely get a new trial. "I don't fool myself there's going to be any justice here," he said bitterly in an interview. "There ain't no such thing as justice. That's why they got that statue of Madame Justice blindfolded—the dirty bitch got dollar signs for eyeballs."

The 1967 trial of Carter and Artis was a six-week affair. Carter's highly regarded black attorney, Raymond A. Brown, tried to seat some blacks on the jury, but of the 400 people summoned for jury duty, only eight were blacks. Brown did manage to get a West Indian impaneled, the only juror to say after the trial that he'd been unimpressed by the prosecution's case. But Carter was unlucky: The West Indian was one of two al-

ternate jurors whose opinions didn't affect the verdict.

Part of the defense strategy was to discredit the state's witnesses. The other tactic was to establish an alibi for Carter and Artis. The alibi rested on the testimony of two people, Cathy McGuire and John Royster, who the defense maintained were with Carter at the time of the murders. Calling them to the stand turned out to be a disastrous mistake. McGuire was tripped up on the date of her ride with Carter. Was it early Friday morning or early Saturday morning? She had told the police one thing and the court another. She tried to explain that the police had confused her, but by the time she left the stand she was crying. It appeared possible that she was with Carter the night after the murders, not the night in question. Royster, an alcoholic, showed up on the stand more than a little tipsy. Toward the end of his testimony, Judge Larner asked him, "How many drinks did you have this morning?" Royster replied: "Who, me? I don't know." A juror later said that Carter's own witnesses hurt him far more than the prosecution did.

Right from the start of their deliberations, the jury agreed unanimously that Carter and Artis were guilty. The only debate was on the sentence: the electric chair or life imprisonment? The jury recommended mercy, largely because one juror had a daughter the same age as Carter's child, Theodora, and found the idea of killing the little girl's father repellent.

So Carter was sentenced to double life.

Carter knows the depths of fortune; he also knows its heights. It is an evening in Pittsburgh, December 20, 1963. In one corner of the ring, Emile Griffith, welterweight champion of the world, jogs in place. Scowling at him in the opposite corner is a muscle-bound ex-con with shaved head and bearded chin, a growler, a Sonny Liston type, 26 years old and nasty, begging for a lesson. It is not a title fight, since Carter, three pounds too heavy, is classed a middleweight. Griffith can afford to give away a few pounds. Undefeated in 43 fights, the boxing writers' choice for Fighter of the Year, he is the 11 to 5 favorite. He is a ferocious fighter, famous as the man whose savage punches left Benny "Kid" Paret dead from a blood clot in the brain. The bell rings. Carter starts slow. Griffith tears out of his corner and pounds away. A minute goes by. Then, suddenly, Carter moves in, charging with his characteristic style—a heavy right hand, an astonishingly fast left hook. A hook to the head, another to the chin, and Griffith is down, collapsed on his back in the corner. The referee starts counting, and Griffith staggers up. It is all Griffith can do to keep standing. He is waiting, listening desperately for the bell to end the first round. It is too long a wait. Carter forces him against the ropes with a left hook followed by a right jab, then almost smashes him out of the ring with a left hook to the body. Carter has knocked out the welterweight champ in two minutes, thirteen seconds. His only comment: "They ain't got no business putting any welterweight in there with me. I told you that before."

The Griffith KO was the high point of Carter's career as a fighter. Later in his life, again a convict, Carter claimed he never cared much for the sport: "I was making $100,000 a year. It was paying me. But I just happened to be a prizefighter along the way." Yet for a boy bounced back and forth from the pen to the street, fighting was more than a way to a decent life: It was the only way to live. The third son of a Baptist preacher, Rubin had his first brush with the police at age 8, when his father caught him with a stolen shirt and called the cops. Hating his father, unhappy at home, he took to the streets, where he did well: His freakishly large hands soon established him as a fighter to be respected. But he feared authority, felt shy around older boys and—worst of all—stuttered so badly he seemed retarded. Other boys teased him, and Rubin, unable to answer quickly enough, responded with his fists. Soon he was fighting all the time, so successfully that he became the leader of a local gang.

Carter would take clemency, but he'd rather get a new trial. "I want no doubt about it. I did not commit that crime," he says

At age 11, he stabbed a man. Brought before a judge, he stammered an explanation: He and his friends were swimming at a water hole when a middle-aged white man came up to one of the younger boys and began fondling his genitals. As leader, Carter had to defend the boy, so he pulled him away and told him to run. The man then picked Rubin up and carried him to a precipice, threatening to throw him into a ravine. Carter took a jackknife out of his pocket and drove it into the man's ribs. In court the man denied the entire story. Since Rubin already was known as a troublemaker by the police, the judge sent him off to reform school. He escaped five years later, lied his way into the army and was captured on returning from Germany. He got out of jail when he was 21, but in a few days he was arrested again—this time for robbery, assault and battery. He pleaded guilty to the charges and was sent to the Trenton penitentiary for four and a half years.

Out of prison in 1961, Carter, 25, turned to boxing, his one skill. He was a star. Even before he was a standout fighter, he was a standout. In his home town of Paterson, everyone would watch him drive by in his flashy Caddy, usually accompanied by a woman, often on his way to a bar. He was known among Paterson blacks as a wildcat, a night prowler who rarely came home before 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning. He had a slightly different reputation among Paterson cops. He was an arrogant, militant, successful, tough black, and they disliked him. Occasionally, a policeman would pick him up on a minor charge such as disorderly conduct and then, after he posted bond, never follow up on the accusations. Police harassment accelerated dramatically following the Harlem riots in the summer of 1964, which erupted after an off-duty policeman fatally shot a 15-year-old boy. By the time the riots died down, dozens of people had been seriously injured. While Carter was being interviewed for *The Saturday Evening Post*, a friend came by and announced that the police had declared open season over in Harlem. Joking, Carter told the friend, "Let's get our guns and go up there and get us some of those cops." The *Post* printed the remark, and the cops read it. They now picked up Carter on all sorts of charges. By July 1965, he had three counts of assault and two of disorderly conduct pending against him. Carter claims he was innocent of all of them.

Once, Carter says, his car broke down on a highway outside Hackensack, and as he was walking along the road to get help, a policeman drove by and picked him up—ostensibly to take him to a service station. Instead, Carter wound up in a police station, accused of breaking into a meat-packing plant located near his parked car.

In the first half of 1966, there were 11 murders in Paterson. The police had not a single suspect. So naturally, when the triple slaying occurred in the tavern, there was tremendous public pres-

sure to solve the case. Carter feels that he and Artis—two black men in a white car, matching the simple description of the killers—fit the bill perfectly. "The police had already chased another car with two Negroes in it—we were *Negroes* back then—but they lost it on the highway," he recalls. "They were just looking for two black guys, any two black guys, and we conformed to the description."

Although most inmates in Trenton have TVs in their cells, Carter has none; he explains: "I have to do my own thinking." As the bell rings for breakfast, Carter does his third set of 200 push-ups, rubs his triceps, turns back the sheets on his mattress and climbs into bed. During the night, he pores over trial transcripts and law books; during the day, he sleeps. Unless he has a visitor, nothing that happens in the daytime interests him. He participates in no activity which will not increase his chances of getting out of jail. "You see," he explains to anyone who will listen, "I did not commit this crime."

His head is still shaved bald, a thick mustache and goatee still adorn his chubby, somewhat lumpy face. But Rubin Carter no longer seems menacing. He smiles and laughs easily, and although he has spent 22 of his 38 years behind bars, he insists there is nothing about his life he regrets. As a child he hated to read; now he quotes Mark Twain and H.G. Wells. A copy of Franz Kafka's *The Trial* lies on a corner of his desk. He wrote an autobiography, *The Sixteenth Round*, published last year by Viking.

"I'm still about livin'," Carter says. "As long as I have a mind, as long as I'm free spiritually, I'm content." He walks with his carriage erect, a flowing dashiki barely concealing the bulging muscles in his arms and neck. He says he has little use for the other inmates and has but one friend among them, yet in nine years he has never been in a fight. As he strides by, the other inmates stop whatever they are doing to watch him. Some mumble apologies for getting in his way. Although he rarely speaks to them, they respect him enough to have made him the director of their "People's Council."

He eats in his cell rather than in the cafeteria; he says dining with armed guards is "beneath my dignity." Some guards respect him and slip him extra food in his cell, but most of the guards dislike him. Until recently, he says, he was kept under particularly tight security, denied visitation rights and use of a telephone and "abused" whenever possible. Prison officials shrug off Carter's charges.

The worst thing about prison, he says, is being cut off from children. He corresponds with teenagers in several states. "I try to tell them, 'Don't let them cripple your mind with racism, don't let them cripple your growth with that kind of bullshit, because all it's doin' is killing you,' " Carter explains. "And it's going to kill us all, if we're not careful. I think people ought to be aware that the world is not given to us by our fathers. It's borrowed from our children. It should be incumbent upon us to make the world better for them."

Artis is eligible for parole in 1980, Carter in 1997. But neither man expects to be paroled—the crime was too violent, too sensational. They are resting their hopes on a new trial or a governor's pardon. On September 29, Governor Brendan Byrne asked a New Jersey assemblyman to review the murder convictions and make a recommendation on the granting of a pardon. On October 21, Carter's attorneys formally petitioned Governor Byrne for executive clemency; the governor's counsel promised "prompt consideration." So Carter waits—for the assemblyman's findings, for the higher court's opinion on Judge Larner's rulings, for a nod from Governor Byrne. "I'd take clemency," he says. "But I'd rather get a new trial. Because I don't want there to be any doubt about it. I did not commit that crime." ●

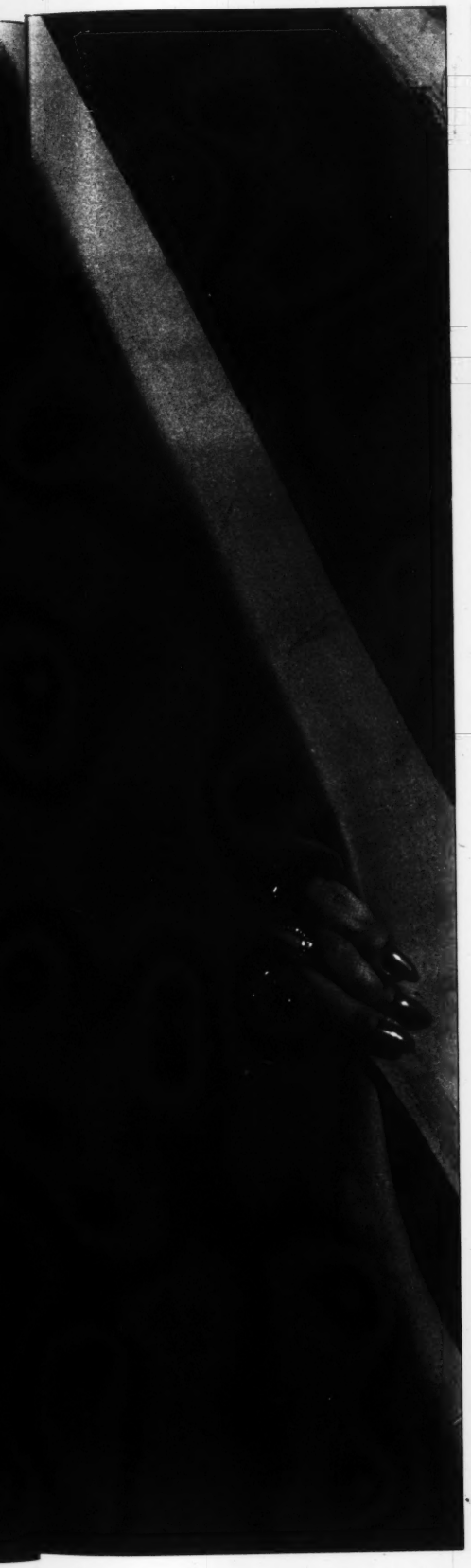
NEW ENGLAND BACCHANAL

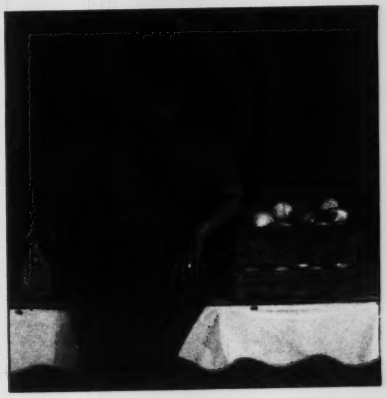
BY GEOFFREY WOLFF
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
SUSAN MEISELAS

THE VISITOR WHO COMES TO TUNBRIDGE FAIR SEEKING A BIT OF AMERICANA MAY FIND MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR

From the Ferris wheel's apogee it is possible to experience the fair's divided character, bucolic and menacing. The seat's slats have been cracked, and many times painted over, bright blue, bright red, bright green—what's the use? Bright blue again. Grease has congealed at the joints where the seat swings on its rusty axle, and light rain leaks from a grey sky that presses like an iron lid on the iron pot of the mud below. The air is cold today, Saturday, less than two weeks past Labor Day. The wheel has stopped, and from this prominence the Vermont hills cupping the fairground at Tunbridge seem almost companionable. To the west the sun, were there a sun to see, would be setting, and the trotting races have just ended, and the sheep and swine and oxen have been returned from the judging runs to their stalls.

There are some few children riding the Ferris wheel, and their earthling parents are anxious to scoot them home; night always brings trouble to the World's Fair (people have come from as far as Canada and Connecticut) in Orange County. The wheel has not moved, and the operator, a skinny guy who has surely studied portraits of Elvis to perfect his knife-edged countenance, is busy scouting the mud with a metal detector in the vain hope that it will buzz with the discovery of





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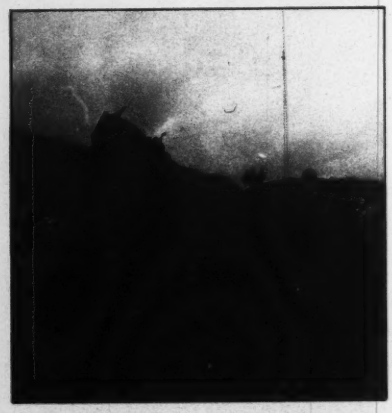

coins fallen from the riders' pockets. He once dreamed, more vainly still, of wallets falling fat with greenbacks. The treasure-finding contraption stands sullenly mute, and the young man returns to his levers and spins the shuddering wheel a half-turn, to its perigee. The wheel does not stop, though, and I have been riding long enough. The young man's mind seems elsewhere, not on my wishes and serenity. Others have been riding the wheel longer than I, and some of them are even more uneasy. There is no government here, and we are spinning on a huge and complicated instrument knocked down and reassembled casually by people not at our pleasure. The young man cocking his eyes for windfall from our pockets is no airline pilot. Now he lets the wheel turn unattended, leaving his controls to bullshit with a buddy and pull on a pint wrapped in a paper bag. No one shouts at him to stop the damned thing; the wheel is a silly parabola to cut through space, round and round in confinement, as though we were organ grinders tethered to our monkeys.

Lights have been winking on along the midway, and the noise is reaching higher every minute. Motorcycles, barkers, people trying their best to fill every moment with laughter, the sad falling note of bells rung in the heavy air. To the left down there, strong men from the farms hereabouts, and workers from the marble quarries up in Barre, are trying to ring the bell. They pay two bits for three swipes with the sledge, and if they ring the bell a guy, who never looks at anything except the money in his fist, hands over a nickel ceegar. The trick is to ring the bell with one arm, then the weak off-arm. The strong men are drunk on beer, and when the bell does not ring they pretend not to care.

The wheel on its rounds passes the loading platform, and I tell The One Who Would Be Elvis that I've had enough. Next time round he slows the machine as my seat nears the platform, I fumble with the safety bar and manage to release it just as the wheel speeds climbing again. It stops, and someone else dismounts, and the operator curls a grin at me. I'm at the top again, looking down at a concession called *GIRLS* that has brought me to this place. The year before I was on this wheel with my kids, one on each side, looking down at three near-naked ladies taking a full shot of the noon sun on the Lord's Day. One of my boys was looking at farm animals, or daredevil drivers, and the other was looking with me, at *GIRLS*, listening to the barker's cry:

Calling all the men . . . girlie-girlie show time for the men! Red-hot and ginger, spice is nice. Hootchy-kootchy, carnival style, get your tickets, we're starting right now, get right down there in front, right down in the bald-headed row. Right down in the finger-lickin' good row where you can look up and see the hole, I mean the whole damned show. Show time for the men, no ladies and no babies, people as wears pants and looks like men, calling all the men. . . .

The year before, like now, there had been two girlie shows. One had big girls, the other had young girls, and the pitch—what carnies call the "bally call"—was for one very much as it was for the other, many of the same phrases, with the same internal rhymes and sing-song rolling cadences. I had left my kids with my wife and bought a ticket, two bucks fifty, to the show featuring the big girls. I went into the tent with a couple of pals, smirking, recollecting burly-que I had seen as a teenager in Washington State and Tennessee and Florida, all come-on behind feathers and fans, as innocent as the unveiling of Little Egypt. Inside the tent, there were a couple of cops, sheriff's deputies armed with maximum flashlights and billies but no revolvers, and my friends and I smiled at them, like accomplices: *We're here to look at the lookers,* we meant to say, *not at the girls.* We kept our hands out of our pockets and stood near the deputies, who didn't smile back, who moved away from us as though plague bells hung from our necks.

Beneath the canvas was a makeshift stage at chest level of the men pressing as close to it as they could. These men, mostly past their middle years, made up the bald-headed row, and behind them, far enough apart to show themselves off as a different class of being entirely, stood younger men, sports. And behind these I stood with my friends. And behind us the cops. There were no women in the tent, except the three whose business it was to show us whatever we had come to look at. And, by chance or design, there were no teenagers with their hands in their pockets, clamping down on their boners as the gauze and boas swirled. The show lasted less than ten minutes, and by the time it ended I was no longer smirking, and neither were my friends. We didn't look at one another when we left, stooping to exit under a flap at the rear of the tent into the bright sun. Our wives asked us what it had been like, teasing us, scolding us too, playful libby stuff about sex objects. None of us wanted to talk about what we had seen, less to laugh about it. An old guy, drunk and witless, without teeth, had tried to climb up on the stage and the cops had chucked him out like a pitchforkful of manure, tenderly lifting the corner of the tent flap so he wouldn't soil it. He had been wearing a red sombrero with cotton tassels that he had won at a dart-throwing booth, and we talked about his sombrero. We couldn't simply say to our wives: *We don't want to talk about it.* It wasn't as though we had been traumatized by a war.

I thought about that girlie show for a year, and then began to talk too much about it. I decided to come back and look again, and try to puzzle it out. So here I am, falling back to earth on this Ferris wheel, whose operator finally sets me free. I stand in the crowd while the rain falls, looking up at two girls moving more or less in time to rock 'n roll blasting full volume, scratches and static mostly, from a tiny, overloaded loudspeaker. Another girl, half of her body backstage, licks her lips and humps a curtain, straight striptease stuff, nothing out of the ordinary. And a guy named Larry, with worried eyes and all the patience in the world, paces back and forth giving the bally call:

Don't hesitate and don't be late, they're gonna shimmer, shake and vibo-rate. . . . The big one, the bad one, the long one, the strong one, the red-hot one. . . . Red-hot ramble, shake it up, shake it down, shake it all the way to town . . . charge your battery, wind your clock, they're gonna put pepper in your pepper-box. . . . You know what you wanna see, they know what you wanna see, that's what you're gonna see: that's exactly what you're gonna see. . . . Shake it loose like a bucket of juice: they're gonna do it; have no fear, the girls are here . . . racy, spicy, horny and red-hot, hootchy-kootchy, a red-hot ramble waiting for you. They're gonna shake it to the east, they're gonna shake it to the west, they're gonna shake it down the middle where you like it the best. Come on, boys, when the line breaks, the show will start. When you

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Susan Meiselas, whose photographs accompany this article, has followed the girls of the Tunbridge Fair about the country for over a year, documenting their lives with camera and tape recorder. She is currently working on a book about the girl show entitled Carnival Strippers, *to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux next fall.*

walk out of this one, boys, your hands are way down deep in your pockets, you have a big smile on your face and a brand new, tighter grip on life. It's raining, boys, come in out of the rain. . . .

Carnival is fundamentally conservative, a process of repetitions case-hardened to the condition of ritual. Surprises—rain, a bust, gear breaking down, a girl angry or in tears, people asking questions—are not welcome. Actions slip into grooves and polish themselves slippery with use. Thus bally calls vary only slightly from barker to barker and are said by legend to come from a black man, the Ur-ballyhooer, a genius of insinuation. Just as legend tells of the first girl—Georgette—who left off teasing at the striptease; they say she was pop-eyed and skinny, nothing at all to see, the daughter of a girl-show manager who one day way back quit dancing, stripped and shoved her crotch into a man's face and said, *Here it is, jerks, this is what you want, isn't it?* The better mousetrap.

So now a huge woman, her pale flesh lapping like oceans, as though everywhere, removes a man's eyeglasses, hearing aid attached, and wipes them between her legs. There is music, but she pays it no mind. She straddles another man's face and coos: "Ooooh, baby, don't bite." Someone else fingers her, and she doesn't seem to notice; the guy wears an abstracted expression on his face, as though he's wondering whether his left front tire might be losing air. Men throw their hats on stage, and their pocket watches, to have them put to the magic place. The girl is good-natured. The next one is not. She of the come-hither look, lately getting it on outside with a beaded curtain, is not happy to be here. She concentrates on the music, counterfeits something like a dance, scowls when the customers shout at her to come close, to be friendly. The girls do not like to be held. The story goes that one of them not so long ago removed the eye of a man with her spiked heel when he grabbed her ankle and would not let go. The third girl comes on stage, and about a dozen men, meantime calling her a pig, eat her out. She seems not to take their abuse seriously. Boys will be boys. She grins a lot, nothing personal. A hard dollar.

The girls don't class themselves with hookers, or even bargirls. This is show biz, they're dancers. One good break, they figure, and next week it will be *Tony Orlando and Dawn*. Hoofers. "It's freaky," one said. "The men are better performers than the women, honest to God, the men are the performers, the women are the audience. . . . It's not like I'm doing it, it's their show that I'm going to see, it's not mine. . . . The guys are getting into it, the guys are pulling each other's pants off."

With a few interruptions due to wars or hurricanes, the Orange County Fair has been held since 1847, and since 1875 on the 20-acre site at Tunbridge. Its purpose has always been to provide an occasion for people to let themselves go after a summer of hard work, after the crops had been brought in, before winter screwed down on them. Tunbridge is a handsome little town in central Vermont with a couple of federal brick houses—sure sign of past wealth thereabouts—and a covered bridge contiguous to the fairground. These are owned by the Union Agricultural Society, whose entire purpose is to keep the fair going from year to year.

Revenues come from concessions and a carnival contract, from admissions and entry fees for livestock. In its turn, the Union Agricultural Society awards prizes and guarantees a gate to such attractions as the Chipwood Brothers Daredevil and Hell Riders. This year, after the fair directors had paid their ticket-takers and car parkers, and the 30 and more deputies who more or less maintain order on the grounds, they about broke even. Forty thousand people attended during the four days, Thursday through Sunday, in mid-September, despite the rain and cold. Back in 1972 the fair turned a profit of $70,000, which went, like all the Union Agricultural Society's profits, into a sinking fund to maintain the many barns and exhibition buildings, the museum of farm equipment, the racetrack and grandstand.

CARNIVAL IS A RITUAL. SURPRISES—RAIN, A BUST, A GIRL IN TEARS—ARE NOT WELCOME

By the laws of Vermont, an agricultural society is tax-exempt; still, the town of Tunbridge profits from the fair informally. Townspeople run concessions, work at the fair, rent rooms and whole houses during the fair, sell a great quantity of food and gasoline. Ask a shop owner about the fair in her town, and she'll speak of it with warm enthusiasm. Ask her when is the best time to bring children and she'll say "almost any day, never at night, never on Saturday at any time." Ask her what goes on at night, on Saturday, and she'll shrug, shrug and maybe grin: "You know."

No one can know, can guess, without seeing it. What happens inside the tents of the girlie shows has very little to do with sex and a great deal to do with violence—with ritual sacrifice—of a kind most people will never experience or wish to. "It's really scary," one of the girls told a fairgoer. "You don't know whether they're gonna laugh at you . . . you're afraid they're gonna laugh at you, or else the men're gonna leave, or else they're gonna demand their money back, or else they're just gonna stare and look at you." Inside Whitey's girlie show, the tent is colder than a hooker's heart. Two black girls, and a white, very basic, none of the razzle-dazzle that characterized Larry's troupe. Young men lapped at the stage, trying war whoops and wolf calls, much nervous laughter: "Come here, goddammit, let's see them tits, my hands are cold, bring on the muffs! Hold the pickles, hold the relish. . . ."

This year admission's three bucks, and the young bravos shoulder aside the old guys who come down once a year from the hills for a peek and a taste. Thursday it was different, almost stately, and the girls got off easy. Friday was raw, and Saturday is unspeakable. The boys are pinching the girls, biting them, pulling their pussy hair. Sometimes it seems they'll eat them alive, truly eat them. Dionysian rites called for such orgiastic feasting, the tearing apart and consumption of sacrificial animals. This bacchanalia speaks to that ancient free-for-all. License is all at such moments. Chaos is sought for its liberating and transforming powers, the breaking through of boundaries. What is happening here in this pretty New England town is fundamental, ancient, base. The cops watch, disgusted—that much is clear—and stand motionless. The girls look merely confused, uncertain what is expected of them. Nothing seems to satisfy the men. The more forthcoming the girls are, the more savage are the men, snapping at their snatches. The men are farmers, druggists, salesmen, motorcycle hoods, mechanics, construction workers, accountants, cops, a reporter. The men begin to scream: "One, two, three, four, we don't want your fuckin' whores!" What *is* this?

Shirley Jackson wrote a short story about a pretty New England town like this one. "The Lottery" proceeds in a reasonable voice to tell about the

town's yearly ritual: A citizen is selected by lot to be stoned to death. It's possible, of course, to press this too far: cannibalism, rites of expiation and sublimation, Bacchic festivals, ignoble savagery. It's possible to argue that this is no more than a gamey county fair, the boys far gone on beer and mischief. Indeed, raffishness is central to the tradition of the Tunbridge Fair. Old-timers refer to it as the "Drunkards' Reunion" and tell apocryphal tales of years past when any man found sober after 3:00 p.m. was ejected from the grounds. A newspaper from 1901 reports that "there was liquor on the grounds on Wednesday and several arrests were made late in the afternoon of both the hilarious and stupid."

The men come to booze and to fight. Beneath the grandstand there's a beer hall, by all odds the least congenial drinking joint on the continent. It's brightly lit, with a cement slab for a floor and long tables covered with oilskin. There's an entrance and an exit, and cops stand at these doorways in great numbers. The windows are covered with wire mesh, and from the outside looking in you have a taste of the bear pit, of bedlam. Ditto from the inside looking out, upon the midway. Boozers sit jammed together on benches, puking and pissing in place from time to time, guzzling beer fast as they can grab it for 70 cents a bottle. Mostly, though, they've come to fight, with one another or with the cops. The game is to enter through the exit door, or exit through the entrance door, inviting hard words and a billy up 'longside the head. An arrest. Loud cheers. A grin.

A Vermont bard named Mark Whalon wrote some verses titled "The Saddest Sound at the Fair"; this is "the last sad toot of the merry-go-round!" His second stanza catches the countryman's attitude toward the county fair:

> The youngsters are tired and whine and fret
> With the stomach-ache from all they've et.
> Your woman starts in a jawin' you
> Because you took a "swaller" or two
> She's mad clear through because you went
> Into that Hawaiian hula tent
> What makes her maddest is just because
> You didn't come out when you see what it was.

The fair is sweet, too. Sheep and poultry are shown, often by kids. The best plate of eight plums, any variety, wins a premium of a buck. Exhibitors show their rutabagas and kohlrabi and Swiss chard. The largest sunflower, largest pumpkin and best exhibit of gourds do not go unnoticed or unrewarded. In Floral Hall embroidery and needlework are shown, handmade dolls, doilies, crewel work. People are easy, one with another, there is much smiling. The little kids try the rides, yell their lungs out with fake terror, eat hot dogs, cotton candy, fried dough. Chelsea High School sponsors a huge barbecue, and the students are serious and polite. Out behind a barn the animals are judged; this is serious business, the improvement of the breeds. Four teenagers, two girls, two boys, each lead a fawn-colored Guernsey cow before the judge. He studies them, hefts their full sacs, praises one for her "dairyness," for her "useful kind of udder," her "impressive teats."

"Swing those tits, you sow. Give me a feel, goddammit."

A bald-headed man in the girlie tent yells at his friend: "Luther, looky that nooky. Ain't them tits too much?"

"No such of a thing as too much, Curly." Luther is wearing a motorcycle jacket commending him as a member of

the Happy Swallows. He and Curly each fasten themselves to a tit, Romulus & Remus. Curly's tattoo says "Born to Lose." Another man, like Curly and Luther of middle years, watches the girls with a critical eye, periodically whispering "sheeeut." His jacket shows a dragon, for some reason exercised on its back: *Born at Sea, Baptized in Blood, Crowned in Glory.*

Many of the bumper stickers say "I'm proud to be a farmer." This pride is palpable. The migrations from the farms of Vermont have been devastating, but those who have stayed home, held the line, are as tough and serious as the odd people who first settled this state, removing tons of rocks for every acre of mean clay they managed to put into cultivation, settling here when there was easy land open to the west, facing this climate, "eleven months of winter, and one month of hard sledding," as the playful saying goes. The teenagers, many of them Future Farmers of America, who present their beasts for judgment are expected to wear khaki cloths, or, preferably, white, certainly clean. They are judged not only by their animals but by standards nailed in mimeograph to every barn door at the Tunbridge Fair. These include "proper manure disposal; pails and tools—neat, adequate, practical; co-operation: willingness to co-operate with rules and regulations; assist with other exhibitors and general attitudes toward management."

One of the fair's most popular attractions is Ed Larkin's Contra-Dancers. Local people—from Tunbridge and Chelsea, mostly—get themselves up in antique costumes, beaver toppers, swallow-tail coats, bonnets and shawls, and dance to a fiddle and piano. The calls are intricate, so are the steps, and good will as good nature is in the air around these good people who have danced at two New York world's fairs and any number of folk festivals. They dance up near the old schoolhouse on the green. Preservation is the point of the exercise, instruction, sharing, civility. They dance to "The Moon Is Shining Bright on Pretty Red Wing" while urban runaways and communards—of whom there are many in these parts—clap their hands gravely, or photograph them. A regular *tableau vivant*! Folk culture holding the line. Further up, the green antique buggies are on display, and antique farm machinery, steam engines, preserved, in running order, beautifully preserved. There is a museum of antique crafts: A blacksmith shows how to beat horseshoes into shape, while Vermont's recent pilgrims from the big and bad cities sigh with wonder. Someone else blows glass, another hammers silver, another weaves cloth. There is much willingness to respond warmly to all this. The weaver and blacksmith wear costumes maintained with unimaginable care and handed down through the years. They look as though they enjoy their displays. The people from the cities look at them as though they were behind glass, or pressed between the leaves of an anthropology textbook.

Back in 1958 a local minister moaned and whined and scolded, and managed to have the girlie shows shut down. Next year the shows were reopened, as raw as ever, and the preacher had been run out of town. (After a decent interval of eight years, a special service of worship was instituted at the fair. It is well-attended.) This year, on Friday afternoon, the Orange County state's attorney, Stephen Webster, shut down the gambling concessions, 15 of them by count. Most of them were dice games that paid two-to-one against three-to-one odds. There were variations on roulette too, played for two bits a pop, or maybe a buck, the money moving from the pockets of shrewd, squint-eyed farmers and horse-traders to the pockets of nervous, baffled-looking carnies, moving in huge amounts. The losers knew they were being taken and didn't give a damn. The Tunbridge Fair comes once a year.

BACK IN 1958 A LOCAL MINISTER HAD THE GIRLIE SHOWS SHUT DOWN. NEXT YEAR THE SHOWS WERE OPENED AND THE PREACHER WAS RUN OUT OF TOWN

Webster shut down the gambling joints because he had had complaints. Not about the dice or roulette games but about the pick-a-duck, knock-over-the-milk-bottles, pop-a-balloon cons. They're nominally played for a couple of coins, for fun, to win a stuffed animal or a plastic statuette of Jack Kennedy. Someone lost more than a hundred dollars. Picked a duck, won a prize. And another. The operator said, *Okay, let's cut the crap. I'll play you for five bucks.* Lost ten to the sucker. Upped the ante again. Flim-flam, won a hundred. Great was the fury when Webster shut down the dice and roulette concessions. The carnies and the directors of the fair suggested that he was screwing around with politics and that he was merely following the example of another county state's attorney, who had shut down the same games earlier in the summer, down south in Rutland. But Webster isn't sanctimonious, and he doesn't plan to issue an edict against the joints to prevent them from coming next year, despite the illegality of gambling in Vermont. But: "It would behoove them to remember this year next year," he said, "if they plan to play again for high stakes." The girlie shows "disgust" him, he says, but he has no plan to shut them down. There are occasional complaints, he says: mothers who feel that their little girls should not be obliged to watch strippers hump a beaded curtain as the little girls make their way to the fair's nursery, 20 yards up from Whitey's show. What happens inside the tent . . . happens. That's private, First Amendment stuff.

The menfolk of Vermont will not abide dictation. A friend of mine from my valley, a veteran for 25 years of the Tunbridge Fair, says it's not like it once was. "Cops here, cops there: What the hell's going on here now? I come here to do what I want to do, drink as much as I want to drink, have a bit of fun. Now someone tells me I can't sit here, can't piss away my money with the dice. Why?" He weighs maybe 300 pounds, and has the touch of a pianist with his backhoe and bulldozer, and when I saw him at the fair his cheek was badly cut. I asked him what had happened. "A little scrap with my wife," he said, and winked. "What do you think of the girlie shows?" I asked him. He was stunned by the question, genuinely insulted. "Do you think I'd watch *that* stuff?"

He comes mostly to watch the oxen- and horse-pulling. A yoke of oxen must pull its load—up to 11,000 pounds— six feet forward, on a sled called a "boat." The concrete weights are added in slabs weighing a thousand pounds each till all the teams save one have been eliminated, and the winner takes home $75, or less in some classes, not enough to pay for feed and transportation. The men driving these teams spend as much as $1,000, even $3,000, for one animal, and they beat

them with their fists to encourage them to pull. The teams used to skid logs through the woods, or pull plows and wagons, but now they pull for their owner's diversion and pride. It is a brutal hobby, expensive, an attempt to cleave to the old ways of doing things. And what impresses a spectator is the violence, the near hysteria, the killing rage of the drivers. It has neither cause nor purpose; it is noise, motion, vengeance, a rite that is played out in some dark corner of the fair far from Ed Larkin and the Old Time Dancers, far from the schoolhouse preserved with its antique map, globe, pot-bellied stove and primers. You can't avoid the connection: the girls, the oxen, the pointless beating, the queer human quality of what we like to call *inhumanity*.

Across a footbridge from the main fairground, guarded by a couple of police armed now with revolvers, there is a huge parking lot. Bonfires are burning despite the drizzle. Campers are parked everywhere, and motorcycles. The license plates are from Massachusetts mostly, and New York State. Here are the hard guys, Billy Bad-Ass and his gang, pissing on their fires, showing off their pricks to the ladies, offering to whip anyone's ass. They fight a lot, mostly with their friends, and listen to Hank Williams, "Rock Around the Clock," Little Richard, Merle Haggard, Johnny Cash. Their bellies are acts of aggression. They swallow beer in a couple of gulps, and crush the cans, worth a nickel apiece in Vermont. They make noises: roosters, bulls, wolves. One of them gives me the finger, and his friend shoves him on the fire. He lies there, and his friend makes no move to help him. "Be nice," he says to his friend, "be nice." I stare at him, and his friend gives me the finger. I've seen this before: tailgating before the Yale-Harvard game, at the Maryland Hunt Cup, in Fort Lauderdale, at Woodstock, Altamont.

The girls are outside now, both shows have brought the girls outside. Something even weirder than usual is going on. The rain is falling hard now. Guys search in the mud for money they think they just dropped, money they lost hours earlier, maybe when the gambling joints mysteriously reopened for half an hour before they were shut down by state troopers. There are women among the men, regular women, amateurs, hooting at the women: *ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, WE DON'T WANT NO FUCKING WHORES!* The chant grows louder, meaner. Whitey looks at Larry. Larry shrugs. Whitey shrugs. One of the girls says something to a bully-boy, something I just now heard elsewhere: "Be nice." No dice. This is a mob now, near midnight, ready to tear the place apart. "What do you guys want, anyway? What are you guys after?" But no one answers the stripper, and Larry and Whitey shut down their shows and the mob melts away.

Next day the sun fights its way back. It is Sunday, the last day, family day. Cold and clear. The carnival is being torn down, but Whitey is still hawking his show: His call is fundamental. He sounds like a plumbing contractor giving an estimate for a job he knows he won't win: "Get your tickets. It's a good show, it's a girl show, it's a sex show." This he follows with something oddly to the point: "The strong walk over the weak, they've always done it, that's how it is." Inside the tent, one of the girls has connected with a customer who is,as she says, "oh, so sweet!" He tucks his head between her legs for five minutes, gets right up on the stage with her. She doesn't seem to mind at all,says. "Bring on another girl, I'm done now, I'm not moving from here," and her new-found friend keeps at her. A grace note to close with, a gentle valediction.●

The established French directors continue to charm American film critics, but today's most innovative movies are being made by some brilliant young Germans

By Arthur Lubow

CINEMA'S NEW WUNDERKINDER

It was a crazy bet. One day, the dwarfs were pouring gasoline into flowerpots and a dwarf caught fire. While the crew stood by paralyzed, the director, Werner Herzog, threw himself on the victim and muffled the flames with his body. A few days later, the same actor somehow fell under the wheels of a car, which was going round and round, driverless, steering wheel jammed leftward. White-faced, Herzog rushed to the accident, but—amazingly—the dwarf was once again uninjured. This time, the director called his actors together for a conference. "We must be more careful," he told them. He pointed to a patch of seven-foot cactus and promised, "If all of you will get out of the film unharmed, I will jump into that." So now, as two dozen dwarfs wielding Super 8 cameras looked on, Werner Herzog, Germany's wunderkind director, wearing special goggles and holding his breath, leapt off a wall and into the cactus field. "Jumping in wasn't so bad," he recalled last month in New York. "To get out of it was something. I still have thorns in my knee sinew. I did it for their fun, since they suffered to make the film, but it was a crazy bet."

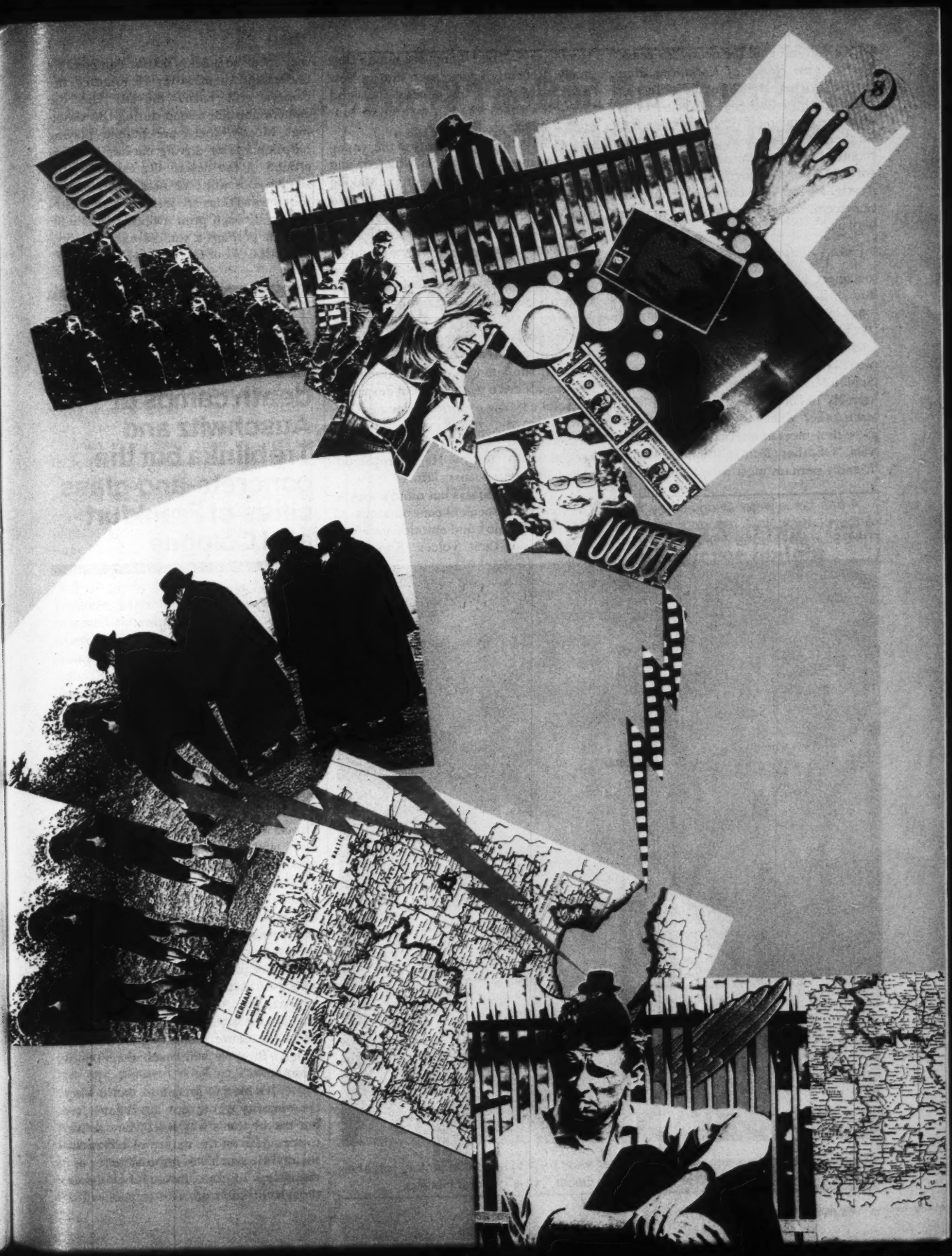
Herzog's career—and his life—has been a series of crazy bets. Most of them have paid off. At 33, he may be the most talented young director in the world. Oddly enough, few Americans have heard of him; and odder still, the one other young director who may surpass him in brilliance—Rainer Fassbinder—is also little known in this country. Herzog and Fassbinder are two leaders of the new German cinema, the most exciting current development in movies. For the first time since the Second World War, Germany—the home of Lang, Murnau, Pabst—is producing films of export quality. They are movies about rootlessness, consumerism, alienation, economic inequality, sexual politics, subtle political oppression. These are the problems of postwar Germany; they are, of course, also our problems, the issues of the Seventies. In German cinema, they are being tackled with extraordinary verve and intelligence.

The filmmakers' politics range from the calmly left-wing to the flaming revolutionary. Their favorite protagonist is society's victim, perhaps most poignantly depicted in Werner Herzog's latest movie, *The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser*: the story of a man who grows up never seeing a human being, until he is catapulted into society, tormented into conformity and finally murdered. "It seems to me that my coming into this world was a terrible fall," he confides to his guardian. It is a line that echoes throughout the films of the new German cinema.

For foreign audiences, the overwhelming fact of modern Germany is the burden of the Nazi past. They will be surprised to find that none of the young directors has grappled with that problem. Only Jean-Marie Straub, who is ten years older than the others and a native Frenchman, has tackled those years of German history, in his first feature, *Not Reconciled*. "You make films on things which are a problem for you, and apparently, this part of our history is not urging anybody, it is not an obsession," reflects Volker Schlondorff, who recently directed *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum*. The title character in that film does use a Nazi revolver to kill the journalist who persecutes her, but it was a touch of Heinrich Boll, the Nobel Prize winner who wrote the book, and is not clearly presented in the movie. "The Nazi gun is the idea of another generation—the continuity of Nazism and fascism," Schlondorff says. "We wouldn't have thought of that." Schlondorff was born in 1939, the year the war broke out. When it ended, he was 6. The war is not a problem for him.

The central experience for the young Germans is not Nazism but the postwar reconstruction, which shaped their country and their lives. They never knew Nazism: They knew only a nation that renounced—indeed, forgot—its past, a nation that physically as well as psychologically rose anew from the rubble of war, a nation divided and rebuilt by the victorious Allies. Their pressing image is not the death camps of Auschwitz and Treblinka but the concrete-and-glass cities of Frankfurt and Cologne. "All the young Germans had to start life from zero, after a period of self-imposed cultural barbarism," Herzog says. "Cultural continuity has not been interrupted anywhere else. Germany is the only country

COLLAGE BY RICHARD SANTINO



COLLAGE BY RICHARD SANTINO

with a cultural void for nearly 25 years." In *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum,* the camera rests for a second on a 1945 photograph of Cologne, heaps of bricks after the bombing. "What has been built on there instead?" Schlondorff asked last month. "Inhuman masses of stone." His wife and co-director, Margarethe von Trotta, agrees: "We have the feeling that our social structure has nothing to do with us."

Part of an avant-garde network—outsiders like the protagonists of their films—the group of a dozen directors once led similar lives in a small community: Their paths crossed often. Times have changed. "The last two or three years, we're just starting to do well," smiles Schlondorff, a balding, round-faced, extremely likable fellow. "We saw a lot of each other when we weren't working." Now they meet at international film festivals. "Of other German filmmakers, I am friendly perhaps most with Schlondorff," Herzog says. "But I do not see him in Germany. Recently I have seen him in New York, in Montreal, in Cannes. Although I live a few miles away from him in Munich, I do not see him there."

Back in 1968, most of the young German directors lived in Munich, and they saw one another fairly often. Making their first films, they were encouraged and sometimes assisted by a man ten years older who had already established a reputation as a major avant-garde director. Born in the French border province of Lorraine, Jean-Marie Straub fled France to escape the Algerian War draft. Arriving in Munich in 1958, after four years of study in Paris, he found a cultural desert, a country that another aspiring director, the young Volker Schlondorff, had abandoned a year earlier in despair at the total absence of serious cinema. Germany's artistic scene was uniformly mediocre. To build, Straub decided, he needed first to destroy. He destroyed until he had almost nothing left.

A Straub film is not quite a movie. The characters speak like automatons, all traces of inflection and emotion carefully drained from their voices. Sometimes they speak so quickly no one can possibly understand them. After 15 minutes, the camera still hasn't moved: Did the cameraman fall asleep during the shooting? Mostly, there are people playing harpsichords or driving cars or standing around in the desert. Occasionally, the screen goes white or black; in fact, the sound transitions are jerky as well. Could this be a rough print awaiting final editing? Or perhaps a student exercise, or a collection of out-takes?

The pressing image for the young Germans is not the death camps of Auschwitz and Treblinka but the concrete-and-glass cities of Frankfurt and Cologne

One New York critic recently labeled Straub "the dullest filmmaker not only in Germany but in the whole world," and many viewers of Straub's latest work, a film of Arnold Schoenberg's opera *Moses and Aaron,* would probably applaud that judgment. The first shot in the movie, filmed by an almost static camera, lasts 15 minutes, much of it a close-up of Moses conversing with an off-camera God. It's just the opening scene, but one wonders how much of the audience will survive it. Straub wonders too, but abstractly, curiously, without any pressing concern. "It is important to divide the audience," he exclaims, frequently dropping the catchword "Brecht." "If a film reconciles everyone, it is mediocre." Straub is confident of his future audiences, and he has only contempt for directors (including most of his former protégés, the young Germans) who use "methods of seduction" to win wide support. "You cannot use the means of capitalist society to fight against it," he declares. "If we touch a small minority deeply, then we will reach the majority tomorrow."

It's hard to imagine a world where the majority of citizens are Straub fans, but maybe that's why Karl Marx refused to speculate on the nature of communist society: He said it was impossible for us to visualize. In the foreseeable future, though, Straub's greatest impact will be

A free-lance writer living in New York, Arthur Lubow last reported for NEW TIMES *on white-collar crime.*

Bruno S., the amateur star of *Kasper Hauser,* went back to his Berlin factory job after the film was shot. "He deserves the Oscar," says director Herzog.

on other filmmakers. He is the father of the new German cinema. "Straub influenced everybody, even those who disliked his work," Schlondorff comments. "The acting style, consciously amateur, made a style of amateurism. There is a certain way of talking without intonation. It was a necessary reaction to easygoing filmmaking in Germany, to get the Brecht theory up to date." Schlondorff's first film, *Young Torless,* was performed by amateur, expressionless actors. Fassbinder's early work was in the same style; he even used one of Straub's out-takes in his first feature film. Many of the characteristic mannerisms of the new German cinema—zeroing in on a face or object after the action has ended, focusing on the listener instead of the speaker, positioning a single actor against a bare wall, using a static camera and long takes—date back to Straub. While the West German movie mills tried to captivate their audience with sentimental schlock, the avant-garde filmmakers strove to create a Brechtian distance between the movie and the spectator. They hoped to liberate not manipulate their viewer, to force him to think.

The director who was influenced most deeply by Straub and who has subsequently rejected him most emphatically is Rainer Fassbinder. The two men first worked together in the theater. Fassbinder was an actor then; indeed, he still acts, since he enjoys it (he plays the title role of Fox in his latest film). When Fassbinder arrived at the Action Theater in Munich in 1968, Straub was about to direct his first play. Unable to obtain the rights to a Brecht drama, he had settled on something by an Austrian playwright, Ferdinand Bruckner. But he wasn't happy with the play; he thought it needed cutting. "We rehearsed for four months with Straub, five hours a day," recalls Fassbinder, a pudgy, wispy-mustached man who usually wears a scowl and a black leather jacket. "He didn't direct. He let the play go and then he asked, 'You find it all right what you did?' and even if you found it all right, you were so insecure that you said you didn't find it all right." Over the months of rehearsals, Straub kept cutting. The play became shorter and shorter. Six weeks before opening night, the crew realized that the play, originally over two hours long, now lasted just ten minutes. Working rather more rapidly than Straub, Fassbinder jumped into the breach and wrote a new play, *Katzelmacher.* It later became his second feature film.

Fassbinder, who once used interminable takes and stylized acting, no longer likes Straub's movies. "Films from

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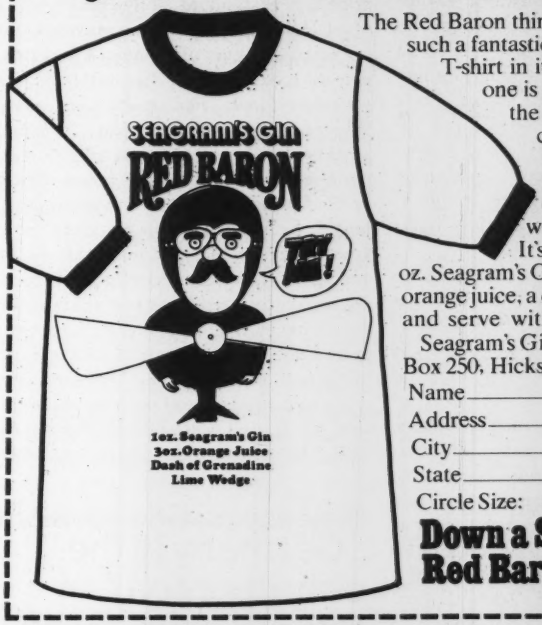

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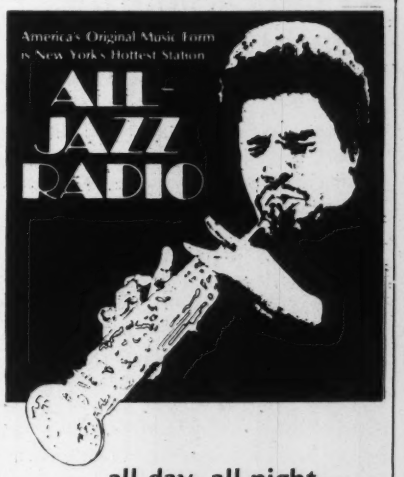

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the brain are all right, but if they don't reach the audience, it's no good," he says. "Straub makes people do things in front of the camera that he has thought about at his desk for years. He tries to be revolutionary and human in an inhuman way." Herzog, who admired Straub's earlier work, declares flatly that "Straub has no influence now." Straub has remained an ugly duckling, while the young German directors have turned into swans. Their films no longer try to antagonize and distance the audience: They are commercial. "Straub is so closed," Fassbinder says. "His films are more religion. Maybe"—he shrugs his shoulders indifferently—"it's Big Art."

On the other side of the Alps, living now in Rome, Straub is even less charitable. Yellow-haired, red-skinned, smoking French cigarettes, wearing a suit jacket that must have been old when the New Wave was still young, Straub is relentless. He thinks the young Germans, particularly Fassbinder, have sold out: His new film, which pits Moses the prophet against Aaron the popularizer and vulgarizer, might have cast Fassbinder as the secondary lead. In a New York interview, Straub coupled Fassbinder with a French director, André Téchiné, and complained: "Their new films appeal to the bourgeoisie, to both *L'Humanité* and *Le Parisien Libéré*, to the newspapers of the left and the newspapers of the right. These films are small ones. They're still made for an artsy-craftsy ghetto audience. They have to convince all these people who have the money. And then these people give the filmmaker the possibility to make a big film for a wider audience."

Fassbinder thinks, in a bit of dialectic, that while, on the one hand, Straub fails to obtain financing because his films are so inaccessible, on the other hand, his films have remained inaccessible because he has lived so many years without funds or recognition. "I thought Straub would find it possible to move toward the public," Fassbinder says. "But as he had so much difficulty financing his films, he became a misanthrope, and that's something I can't agree with." For ten years, Straub and his wife survived in Munich on 400 DM (about $150) a month, taking part-time jobs, scrounging for capital to make movies. It took them five years to raise the money from four sources for *Moses and Aaron*, his biggest effort yet. And in the end, neither Straub nor his wife, Daniele Huillet (who co-directed), received any salary. "Financing becomes more difficult with every film," Straub complains. "Every film closes a new door." Straub's next film will have a $40,000 budget; meanwhile for Herzog and Fassbinder, new doors are opening.

Most of the new German films are made on budgets of $300,000 or less—a tiny expense compared to the mammoth price tags of standard Hollywood productions. Herzog especially is a master at using small amounts of money to make expensive-looking films. His methods are unconventional: For starts, he steals. When a radio station wouldn't lend him an old recording of a Mozart aria for *Kaspar Hauser*, he lifted it. In *Aguirre, Wrath of God*, which he filmed in the Amazon jungle, he needed a few hundred monkeys to invade the explorer's raft at the end of the film. Months before the shooting began, he hired some Indians to catch the monkeys. The morning the scene was to be filmed, his production manager ran up to him, horror-struck. "An American guy had turned up and paid for the monkeys for United States zoos," Herzog recalls. "He bought them and he chartered

"Germany is the only country," Herzog says, "with a cultural void for nearly 25 years"

a plane to take them away. I rushed to the airport, and there was still the airplane, baking in the sun. We came with a jeep. I screamed at the customs officials. I said I was the veterinarian: 'Show me the documents!' In all the provinces around, there are no veterinarians. He got confused. He had no documents, of course, and he started to yell at his assistants. They unloaded the monkeys onto my truck—I said I was taking them to the institute." Quickly Herzog took the monkeys back to the shooting location and filmed the scene. Then he returned them to the airport, minus the few dozen who had swum away into the jungle. "I did it out of sheer necessity and desperation," he says.

Herzog is an affable and intelligent man, with a high, smooth forehead and brown mustache. If you ask, he will open his tweed sportcoat and his Ivy League shirt to show you the scars on his chest from his Cameroun prison days: Trying to reach the Sahara for the shooting of *Fata Morgana*, he had to cross Cameroun—unfortunately with a cameraman who had almost the same name as a mercenary soldier sentenced to death in absentia. Six times, as they tried to get out of the country, the crew was stopped by soldiers and thrown into tiny jail cells crowded with victims of torture and malnutrition. Before Herzog finished the movie, he had contracted malaria and a dangerous blood parasite. He attributes the bleakness of his next film, *Even Dwarfs Started Small*, to his post-*Fata Morgana* depression.

Herzog's life is an endless series of bizarre anecdotes. Last year, for instance, he walked from Munich to Paris—700 miles, three and a half weeks, in rain and snow—as an "act of rebellion" against a friend's illness. But regardless of his eccentricities, and despite his ability to stretch the mark, to make a movie he still requires that most banal of all commodities: money. Three hundred thousand dollars may not be much money for a movie, but it's still a great deal of cash. Most young directors get funding from the German television stations, which show movies of remarkably high quality. A new law guarantees movie producers two years of theatrical runs before their subsidized films are shown on the tube; it also emphasizes artistic rather than commercial criteria for funding.

Television supports virtually all the independent filmmakers, but the most serious work designed for a mass TV audience has been done by Fassbinder. "If you find the possibility to undermine the mechanism of television, you can do good work," he says. A few years ago, Fassbinder created a serial on a working-class family, a common subject for German TV. He planned to create 12 segments; he wrote eight; five were produced. In the first five 90-minute segments, Fassbinder introduced a working-class family and their friends. He described their growing political awareness: worker solidarity winning a promised bonus, collective action gaining a nursery school for children playing in the streets. The last three episodes would have focused on the family's realization that their labor union was just another arm of management, and that the real enemy was the private ownership system. The television station halted production after the fifth show. "If the first five plays hadn't been so successful, they might have shown the last three," Fassbinder remarks. "You can show revolutionary things on German television, on the late show or on the third channel, but if you make it on the main time, on Sunday night at 8:00, if you show things like that, then they'll stop you."

One of Fassbinder's most striking television productions was his version of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*. In Ibsen's play,

the wife, Nora, leaves her husband, who has always treated her like a plaything rather than a woman. Fassbinder didn't like that ending. One of his major obsessions is the victim who fails to break loose of the social ties that oppress him. "It's a main mistake of human beings that they stick to relations they had better give up," he argues. In his more "realistic" production of Ibsen's play, Nora stays, attempting to work out a new relationship with her husband. As Fassbinder sees it, *A Doll's House* is as much about men as it is about women. "Through the changed ending, that is even more clear," he says, although he adds that "the production didn't work."

Fassbinder can afford a few failures, for he is astonishingly prolific. In the last six years, he has directed (and usually written) 24 feature-length films. And cinema absorbs only part of his time: He is also a playwright, an actor and a stage director. By working in the theater, he says, "You can find out the basis of communication for contact with your actors. Filming is too quick, because it is so expensive."

Since theater, unlike film or television, caters to a small elite clientele, Fassbinder is able to experiment more. He can risk alienating a small audience while in his other work he snares a large one. In August 1974, he became artistic director of the Theater at the Tower in Frankfurt, which receives an annual municipal subsidy of $600,000. He didn't last a year. One of his first ideas was to assign ten members of the company to write a play about Frankfurt. They worked for six months and produced a monstrosity. "It was impossible," Fassbinder recalls. "Even most of the people who wrote it didn't like it." So he asked them to write a new play about the problems of writing a play. "It was terrible, too," he says, shaking his head in disgust. "I was against its staging, but the whole ensemble voted for it, for sentimental democratic reasons. Everyone said, 'All right, stage it.' I could have stopped it. When it came out, it was really a disaster. They put it on my account. The city hated it. The critics hated it. I hated it. Everyone hated it." The play was performed twice. "In the end, no one said, 'The ensemble wanted it,' " Fassbinder complains. "They said, 'He agreed with it.' "

The solution, Fassbinder decided, was to rewrite the rules of the collective. So the group developed a new model of self-determination, revoking the director's veto power, and Fassbinder wrote a new play. Was it the new democracy or the new script that caused Fassbinder's fall from favor in Frankfurt? Perhaps both. The play—titled *The Rubbish, the City and Death*—was, in Fassbinder's words, "a play which says Frankfurt is a city that's better to die in than live in." It's easy to see how the city fathers supporting this avant-garde theater (which filled only a third of its seats at best) might have been a bit irked. Fassbinder and the city (by now, both the right and the left opposed him) finally locked horns over a dwarf whom Fassbinder wanted to hire for a major role in his new play. Since all company members received the same salary, the dwarf would have cost 9,000 DM (about $3,500) over the three-month period. No dwarf, said the city administrator of the theater. If you want one, you'll have to pay him out of your own pocket. Two months later, Fassbinder sent in a 15-word resignation letter.

For *Even Dwarfs Started Small*, Werner Herzog (center) assembled a cast of midgets.

Unusual actors are a staple of new German movies, so there was nothing especially novel about Fassbinder's demand for a dwarf. Werner Herzog, in fact, cast an entire movie with them, *Even Dwarfs Started Small*. Actually, despite the title, Herzog spent a year collecting midgets, whose bodies are regularly proportioned, rather than dwarfs, who have abnormally large heads, since he wanted to create a world in which everyday consumer objects, such as chairs and beds, suddenly become monstrous and deformed. In a later film, *Aguirre, Wrath of God*, Herzog hired a tribe of 400 Indians and built a floating village to take them down the Amazon. Perhaps his most daring stroke of casting, though, was his selection of Bruno S.—S. because the actor requested some measure of anonymity—to play the title role in *The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser* (also titled *Every Man for Himself and God Against All*).

Herzog's latest film is based on a true story. In 1828, in Nuremberg, a young man was discovered in the town square holding an anonymous note. He knew no language, but after he had been taught to speak, he revealed that he had spent his life chained in a cave, never seeing any human being, eating food brought while he slept. He became something of a celebrity: In an age fascinated by conceptions of natural man, Kaspar Hauser (the name the note-writer had given him) was the real thing. A few years after his mysterious emergence, he was mysteriously murdered, leaving behind him a fable that has been compared to the story of Christ.

Soon after completing the script of *Kaspar Hauser*, Herzog saw a documentary called *Bruno the Nigger*, about a Berlin factory worker whose mother, a prostitute, had dumped him in an institution for the retarded when he was 3. Bruno was not retarded; but he lived in the asylum until he was 9, and the environment warped him irremediably. When he saw the documentary, Herzog knew immediately that he wanted Bruno to play the part of Kaspar. "Kaspar was between 14 and 17 when he was discovered," Herzog acknowledges. "Bruno is 43. I do not care at all." He approached Bruno, who lived like a bum, unwashed, in a shack, an accordion player in back yards on weekends. Bruno agreed eagerly. The film was shot during Bruno's three-week vacation, and then Herzog paid him to take off three extra weeks from work. "He knew the entire time that the film was somehow about him," Herzog said. "He would stay up all night thinking and then try to overact if I gave

him his lines the night before." Bruno was so absorbed in his role that five seconds after the filming of a shot ended, while the sound was still running, he would fall fast asleep. He refused to have lunch while working, since he said eating made him sleepy.

The gamble paid off. The intensity of Bruno's acting is easy to explain: Like Kaspar, he is trying desperately to cope with a world that was closed to him as a child. Bruno speaks only a Berlin dialect, and, taught formal German for the film, he overenunciates it like a foreign language. He even thought up acting tricks: To play the scene in which he learns to walk, he knelt for three hours with a stick behind his knees until his legs were so numb he couldn't stand. "He makes not one wrong movement in the film," Herzog says proudly. "He deserves the Oscar. There is no justice, so John Wayne or someone will get it." It is hard to imagine another role he could play, but Herzog is right: Bruno S.'s wide-eyed, straining recreation of Kaspar Hauser is an extraordinarily moving performance. It's the master stroke of the movie, which both Richard Roud, director of the New York Film Festival, and Jack Kroll, the *Newsweek* critic, called the festival's best film. *Kaspar Hauser* was picked up by a big American distributor, but only through the personal influence of Francis Ford Coppola, director of *The Godfather*, who says it's "the best film I've seen in three years." And the movie closed after a poorly attended two-week run in New York. "There is no doubt that Herzog is the great director of the Seventies, the way Godard was in the Sixties," says Tom Luddy, director of the Pacific Film Archive and organizer of the Telluride Film Festival. Yet Herzog's movies have been seen by few Americans. And Fassbinder—whom Andrew Sarris of the *Village Voice* called "one of the most forceful filmmakers of the Seventies, a man for both the coterie and the crowd"—is equally unknown. "The Germans are doing the best work in European cinema today," says Dan Talbot, owner of New Yorker Films. "But there's a tremendous resistance to anything German. It's connected with Hitler and the Nazis. And we hadn't had anything good from Germany in 40 years." Richard Roud agrees. "French films are glamorous," he says. "German films aren't."

No one knows when, if ever, a wide audience of Americans will be able to see these movies. In the inexpensive 16mm prints shown in universities and small clubs, many of the directors have already made inroads across the country. Exposure of 35mm theater-quality prints has largely been limited to New York. "Theatrically, it's Mongolia," complains Dan Talbot, whose New Yorker Films distributes much of the work of Fassbinder, Straub and others. "Manhattan—not New York City, just Manhattan—is Europe, and the rest of the country is Asia, culturally speaking. I have mainly contempt for the mass public. They're beneath contempt. They're manipulated by Hollywood, by publicists, by critics, by everybody."

An art film invariably opens first in New York, and theaters across the country will take a look at the reviews before deciding whether to book it. For that reason, New York critics have enormous clout. Two institutions lead the pack: *Pauline Kael* and the *New York Times*. It's right to list Kael as an institution, since it's the force of her writing and reputation, even more than the prestige of her outlet (*The New Yorker*), that lends her a Pied Piper flute. When she beckons, others follow. The Kael reviews of *Last Tango in Paris* and *Nashville* are commonly credited for much of the ensuing publicity those films received. "If someone writes a very strongly worded review, like Kael's reviews of *Nashville* or *Last Tango*, other people respond, and even if they put it down passionately, it'll still get people interested in the movie," Talbot notes. Unfortunately, Kael doesn't feel very passionate about the new German cinema.

With Kael and Canby resolute Francophiles, the German films await a powerful New York sponsor. But the German filmmakers aren't waiting: They are making more movies

"I don't want to break my concentration," she said on the telephone, the day her largely favorable but hardly passionate review of *Kaspar Hauser* appeared. It was her first review of a movie by a young German director. "I'm busy working on my new review of the Truffaut film, *Adele H.* Have you seen it? I love it. I like it infinitely more than any of the German films." What does she think about Herzog: "I take him seriously enough to write about him." But does she think he's important? "I don't have any strong feelings about this," she said with a nervous giggle, straining at the telephone tether. "I like him a helluva lot better than I like Fassbinder." Kael thinks it may be "a generational thing." Speaking of *Kaspar Hauser*, she remarked, "People who want to believe that innocence and a natural way of life are beautiful will like it. It's a very sentimental movie." More negatively, she added: "It's a squirm movie. While you're watching it, you can appreciate the intellectual concepts, but even the people I saw liking it were squirming in their seats."

Which leaves the *New York Times*. Unfortunately, the first-string critic, Vincent Canby, has no great interest in German movies, either. He normally assigns them out to the second-stringer, who changes about as frequently and surprisingly as the weather. Even if the *Times'* second-stringer likes a movie, his voice isn't loud enough to mobilize the herd. So with Kael and Canby resolute Francophiles, the German films await a powerful New York sponsor.

But the German filmmakers aren't waiting: They are making more movies. Herzog's next project is based on a legendary Bavarian prophet who foresaw a catastrophe in a glass factory. Schlondorff will be shooting a post-World War I romance set in the Baltic region, with a backdrop of the Russian Civil War. In Italy Straub will film a reflection by an Italian poet at the time of the Six Day War in the Mideast. And Fassbinder, as always operating at breakneck speed, has three films planned. Their subjects: a necrophile poet, a double murder and a rich Jewish property developer. The new German cinema—which includes many others, such as Wenders, Kluge, Hauff and Schroeder—is dynamic and expanding. Although the directors have yet to receive proper recognition, they are confident. Commercial pap may still dominate the theaters, but tomorrow? Who knows. The moneymakers, in Germany at least, are merely pornographers and hacks, says Werner Herzog. And he boasts: "We will outwait them and outlive them and outgut them and outnumber them." ●

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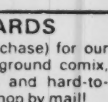


Theater

A dirge for drama

By Marty Bell

On a drizzly Sunday evening last month, producer Joseph Papp, dressed elegantly in his velvet evening clothes, hosted a gala dinner party for about 300 people on the top floor of the Public Theater in lower Manhattan. The occasion was the official Broadway opening of the musical *A Chorus Line*. This was the culmination of a year and a half of work during which Papp and Michael Bennett, the director and choreographer, had nurtured the show through development, workshop production, off-Broadway production, Broadway previews and now an open-ended run. Over the last two decades Papp has been New York's most itinerant producer, presenting classics and experimental works at the Public, Shakespeare in Central Park, exporting hits including *That Championship Season*, *Hair* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* to Broadway and running the season at the Vivian Beaumont at Lincoln Center. But this night celebrated his greatest triumph.

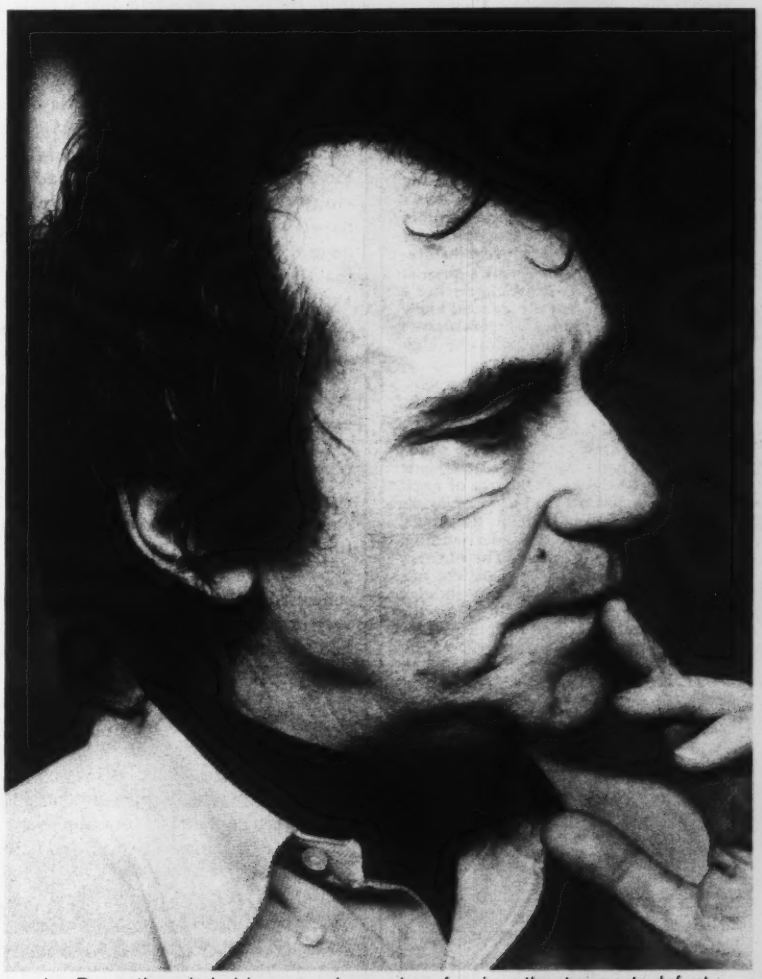
The following morning, Joe Papp, dressed somberly in a green plaid sweater and green corduroy pants, sat alone on the edge of the stage of the Booth Theatre on 45th Street, looking sullen. He proceeded to announce to the small gathering of press people that after the short run of Dennis Reardon's play, *The Leaf People*, which was to open at the Booth that evening, he was canceling the remaining four American plays that were originally announced as part of a five-part series at that theater. The unexpected announcement might well have been the death blow to the presentation of serious American drama on Broadway. For Papp was the only producer left in New York who was visibly and inexhaustibly committed to providing a showcase for young American playwrights.

This role has not always made him popular in New York. Along with John Lindsay and restaurateurs Elaine and Nicola, he is a central figure of less than polite discussions. Papp often produces crap, and more often than not he knows it is crap. But he feels that the only way playwrights and directors can develop is by seeing their work on stage, and he is monomaniacally dedicated to mounting it for them.

He is not at all adverse to forcing works that he deems worthy down people's throats. Two years ago, when he replaced Jules Irving as the producing director of the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, he thought he had found the perfect arena in which to convert a largely subscription audience to his personal tastes. Whereas in the past the audience there was acclimated to a season of classics with an occasional new play thrown in, he gave them the reverse. But the reception from both the critics and the subscribers was less than generous, and last July he hesitantly consented to produce only classics at the Beaumont.

Papp is admirably pugnacious. He rightly considers himself the sole voice for serious theater in New York, and this persona has probably been vital in his efforts to gather the financial support that has allowed him to produce new works. He is able to raise the money because he is so loud and so visible. While making the change at Lincoln Center, he still proclaimed that "the production of new works by living writers must take priority over revivals." And he was not satisfied to return to his old dwellings at the Public. "If I'm going to spend so much at the Public," he said, "why not spend a little more and put it on Broadway where the impact is strongest?"

Broadway was coming off its most fruitful season, and he thought he



Joe Papp: the admirably pugnacious voice of serious theater meets defeat.

JILL KREMENTZ

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might take advantage of what he perceived as a more receptive climate for any type of theater. "I had a feeling that Broadway was bullish," he said. "I thought because of the ferment here, there would be a spillover."

He also felt that no playwright could now sustain himself on the royalties earned at small off-Broadway houses with low ticket prices. David Rabe, who wrote *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* and *Sticks and Bones* and was the biggest star to emerge from Papp's stable of young playwrights, was in Hollywood rewriting screenplays, and Papp found this upsetting. If his writers could earn Broadway-size royalties, they could continue to write for the stage, and with less pressure.

So Papp went to the Shubert Theatre organization and persuaded them to rent him the Booth at "rock-bottom terms." They also granted him some money from the Shubert Foundation. He budgeted a five-play season at $2.6 million and went begging to other foundations and industry. When he got positive reactions (though no commitments), he commissioned plays by Reardon, Thomas Babe, Michael Weller, John Ford Noonan and Miguel Pinero, all of whose work he had previously produced off-Broadway. "I hoped we could create an inroad here," he said, "and convince other producers that they can do work of this nature."

He then created a radically cheap ticket plan that he hoped would attract people who never went to the theater before. It included a "$10 super economy weekday, preview pass" that would allow the holder to see all five plays at $2 each. "We're trying to make it almost as easy to go to the theater as it is to go to the movies, and to make it cheaper too." He raised $300,000 via the sale of passes.

When *The Leaf People* went into rehearsal in September, Papp had raised very little other money. The foundations and companies did not come through. He seemed offended that Exxon was importing British plays to be aired on American televison and Xerox was supporting the Bicentennial Play Series organized by the Kennedy Center in Washington. To Papp, Bicentennial plays was a euphemism for old plays.

He had originally intended to use the profits from *A Chorus Line* to help subsidize the Booth series, but the 25-day musicians' strike in late September and early October caused an estimated loss of $200,000 in profits from that show.

So less than four months after he decided to present his writers on Broadway, Papp sat alone on the stage of the Booth announcing he was abandoning the project. He will present one of the plays scheduled for the Booth at the Public and one at the Newhouse at Lincoln Center. And he will replace two others with plays that are now being prepared in workshops. Without the Broadway overhead, he will save $700,000. "I do this more with sorrow than with anger," he said, "though with a certain amount of anger."

The announcement was another in a series of disappointments that have kicked off what was expected to surpass last season as the most successful in Broadway's history. Tennessee Williams' *The Red Devil Battery Sign,* which was to bring Anthony Quinn and Claire Bloom back to town, never made it out of Boston. Nor did *The Best of Everybody,* which was to bring back Milton Berle. *The Soft Touch,* a comedy directed by Alan Arkin, closed in New Haven; *Truckload,* a new rock musical, closed in previews; and a revival of Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth* (the first production of the Xerox Bicentennial Theatre) opened and closed within a week. All this was followed by the musicians' strike, which closed nine musicals for almost a month. And now this. Of course, a few hits no matter what the genre can quickly redevelop the theater-going habit that the strike may have broken and revive what now seems like a lost season. But Papp's admission of defeat has significance beyond any single season.

He has now been forced to confront the unpleasant fact that most of his colleagues have already accepted: There is no way to develop a serious American play on Broadway anymore. An untested play requires rewriting and set alterations and extra rehearsals, and Broadway union rates make this ridiculously costly. This season we will have new plays by Harold Pinter, Tom Stoppard, Alan Bennett, Alan Ayckbourn, Simon Gray, David Storey and Anthony Shaffer. Along with Peter Shaffer, this is a nearly complete list of major contemporary British playwrights. All of these works have been developed and been allowed to make their mistakes under the subsidy arrangements that sustain the theater in England. When they begin anew over here, they are already presentable and need only to be packaged. As of now, the only serious American plays we will see this year other than *The Leaf People*

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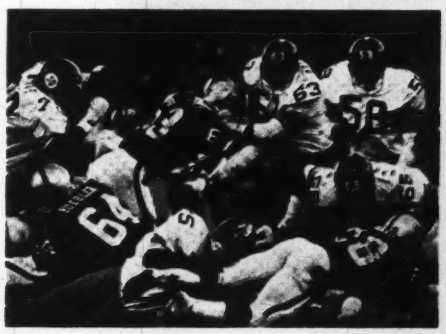

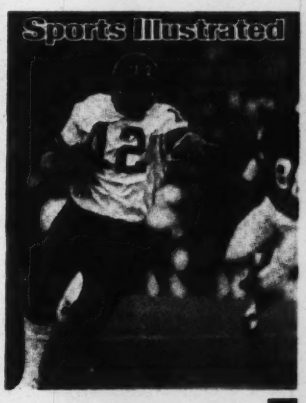

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are Louis LaRusso II's *Lamppost Reunion*, a simple-minded rip-off of the Sinatra legend, and Robert Patrick's *Kennedy's Children*, which gained financial backing only after a successful run in England.

The economic crisis has all but eliminated serious art in America. The book industry was once noted for using the profits from the blockbusters to subsidize experimental, uncommercial projects, but that is now a very rare occurrence. The film industry seems intent on remaking the already successful formula escapist trash again and again. And now, new American drama has become extinct on Broadway.

Yes, Papp will continue to produce serious works at the Public. And regional theaters such as the Long Wharf in New Haven, Connecticut, and the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., are not yet afraid to experiment. But Broadway should be the home port from which all the new vessels that circle the globe are launched. Instead, it is becoming just another stopover.

Books

The middle of the forest

By Geoffrey Wolff

Powers of Mind *by Adam Smith.* Random House (418 pp., $10).

Adam Smith has been, in *The Money Game* and *Supermoney*, a translator and a guide. It is his rare and amiable gift to lay his hands on analogies that explain complicated economic phenomena without distorting them, and his genius to bring abstractions alive by fables and parables and comic interludes. In these books about money, and the institutions that money rules and rebukes, Smith knows precisely what he knows, and what he means to tell his readers: His whole purpose is to empty the mystifying of its mystery. *Powers of Mind* has a contrary purpose, to dislodge rational models of reality, to light a fire under the tail of your certitudes, to push out past the edge of the explicable and at the same time explain, without recourse to mumbo jumbo, the character of the mind.

Now he is an explorer as well as a guide, and many of his discoveries surprise and baffle him, and many of his judgments are tentative. So *Powers of Mind* hasn't the high sheen of Smith's previous books, nor quite their chatty companionability. But it is a work of breathtaking ambition and seriousness (sometimes marred by Smith's determination to sound like more of a layman than he is) that treats the physiology of the brain, the chemistry of the body, drugs, placebos, theories of psychosomatic symptoms, the *I Ching*, split-brain research, TM, *est*, ESP, mysticism, Heisenberg uncertainty principle and a gang of conundrums. During his exploration of the dark forest in the middle of the mind, Smith at various times submitted himself to LSD research, had himself immersed in a tank of water designed to filter out all sensations in order to allow the mind free play, and signed up for every fugitive and serious mind-bending technique he could find. He was rolfed, he was abused by the *est* people, he bought his personal mantra from TM, he listened to Baba Ram Dass, and he interviewed Carlos Castaneda's doppelganger in the stairwell of a New York office building.

His entire style till now has been predicated on skepticism: *Look*, he says, *there's less here than meets the eye*. Flip-flop: The style is still wised up, but the conviction has changed. He read about someone down at the Wharton Business School of the University of Pennsylvania using the *I Ching* to predict stock prices. Seemed as good an idea as anyone else's, and he looked into it. And decided that there is a great deal to learn from the *I Ching*, things more important than whether Leasco will get its act together.

Powers of Mind proceeds from the model of reality—the paradigm—that contains for people of Western cultures the explanations of all things that happen to them. For people devoted to cause-effect relationships, it may be said that anything within the paradigm may be explained by language and reason, and anything that cannot be ex-

Cover art from *Powers of Mind:* How do you like the fit of the cage?

plained by language and reason does not exist within the paradigm—does not exist, that is, at all. Of course, not everything that *can* be explained by language and reason *has* been, which leaves the paradigm some weasel-room. Smith offers, as usual, an example: "Forty years ago the parapsychologists said bats had ESP, and the antiparapsychologists said they were crazy. Now we know the bats have a sophisticated sonar system, but before radar there was no way to explain it."

Moreover, as Smith moves throughout *Powers of Mind* increasingly closer to the frontiers of our paradigm, he places less and less faith in its comprehensiveness, its dependability. It is clear, for instance, that Eastern paradigms are more capacious, have satisfying answers to questions Westerners are unable even to pose. Some of this, to be certain, is a matter of semantics and of perceptual shading, but some is also fundamental, the control of pain, blood pressure, pulse rates. These matters are notoriously resistant to such rational discourse as Smith has made his way by, but he cuts his way through the thickets, by God, and it is impossible for anyone to read *Powers of Mind* to no profit. (Often during the course of his research he brings intelligence across the frontier dividing a Nobel biochemist, let's say, from a Nobel physicist, and his travels from *est* auditorium lectures to the Stanford Research Institute enable the accumulation of souvenirs and artifacts never before collected in one place. Smith wrote to the National Institute of Mental Health when he had run out of research studies on placebos, asking who was working on them: "*You* are. . . . The field is open. Please let us hear from you when you finish.")

Smith's own intelligence—curious, controlled, witty, skeptical—predisposes him to pay special attention to those who have been educated fully, who have distinguished themselves as scientists and teachers, who refuse to repudiate scientific discourse and who then—cramped by the paradigm they received—strike out for new territories of imagination and mind control. Smith is struck by Richard Alpert, former sidekick of Tim Leary and his colleague on the Harvard faculty, now Baba Ram Dass, a man who has experienced miracles. So too John Cunningham Lilly, a medical doctor, psychoanalyst, biophysician, neurophysiologist, neuroanatomist and now a man struggling to describe Higher States of Conscious-

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ness. Lilly's colleagues snicker, as he knows, and he replies: "I think the attempt to define all mystical, transcendental and ecstatic experiences which do not fit in with the categories of consensus reality as psychotic is conceptually limiting and comes from a timidity which is not seemly for the honest, open-minded explorer."

Precisely. Thus, even if Uri Geller's witchwork proves to have been entirely bogus, the Stanford Research Institute was right to experiment with him, to treat his mysteries with seriousness and curiosity. Then, like Smith, the prisoners of the paradigm may decide for themselves how they like the fit of the cage. Smith, back home from the middle of the forest, likes it well enough. He experienced zen tennis, developed a serve beyond his nominal powers by concentrating on his goal with a ferocity he did not find congenial: "I wasn't feeling anything, no joy, no sorrow . . . 'I don't know what this is,' I said, 'but it isn't tennis and it isn't me.' I didn't feel at all well." You can only know how you feel by feeling it, and *Powers of Mind* shows some ways to feel.

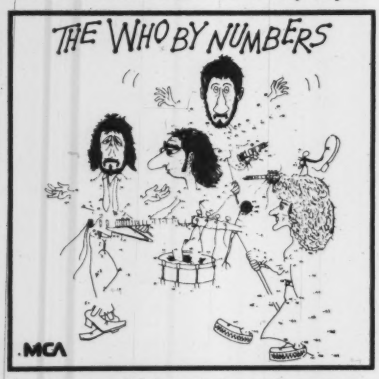
Music

The Who: "My Generation" approaches middle age

By Janet Maslin

If you think The Who's *music* is distinctive, how about their *modus operandi?* The cover drawing for their new album, *The Who By Numbers,* is John Entwistle's wicked connect-the-dots caricature of the group, featuring a huge snoot and copious stubble on Keith Moon, a glassy stare from Pete Townshend, a hideous profile and elevator shoes for Roger Daltrey and Entwistle's own shrug of despair. Although the sketch's apparently dim view of the band is the sort of thing most groups would strive to keep under wraps, The Who's straightforwardness about their internal discord is almost legendary. It's known that Townshend likes to present each new song to his associates in the form of a *fait accompli*—i.e., a demo tape on which Townshend has already played and sung every part—so that all that remains for the others to do is, as with Entwistle's portrait, follow the numbers. Small wonder, then, that Daltrey, Moon and Entwistle have each released solo albums in the past year, or that all of them tend to refer to that separate entity called "The Who" in unflaggingly respectful tones. And even smaller wonder that morale is low. As Daltrey said bitterly in a recent interview: "If you can't communicate on a talking level with someone . . . and [all he's given you is] a sheet of lyrics and a demo to work with, then you need quite a lot of confidence."

The Who's members still have that confidence; *By Numbers* is no match for their best work, but it sustains a level of excellence below which they will probably never fall. Still, the strain is more evident than usual lately, with various outside factors (the film *Tommy*'s rekindling of interest in old material the group had hoped to outgrow gracefully, Daltrey's acting success in same, the relative commercial failure of their ambitious *Quadrophenia* and general dismay about growing older) serving only to increase the pressure. The lid was finally blown off by an extraordinarily frank and reflective interview Townshend gave to the British *New Musical Express,* reprinted here by *Creem.* Townshend's main concern at the time was the problem of playing rock and roll, a music so utterly dependent on youthful energies and excesses, as one grew into one's early thirties and beyond. The man whose "My Generation" carried the chilling lyric "Hope I die before I get old" now seemed stymied by the question of what to do next. Ignoring his age meant, to him, inevitable descent into self-parody. Yet even if one had some idea of how to continue, the impetus was no longer there; Townshend could no longer believe in an electrifying, symbiotic bond between musician and audience as the basis for his music, though he knew how important that bond had once been. Throughout the interview, his disappointment with the rest of The Who was clear.



The hurt and disappointment in Daltrey's reply, which appears in the November issue of *Creem,* are just as unmistakable. Daltrey had clearly been surprised by what he termed a "left-handed attack": "One of the sad things," he said, "is that Pete and I aren't probably ever gonna be able to communicate. I think I'll have to sit down and write a letter to the band, because there's no way of ever speaking to them about it." Aside from the general bitchiness of the interchange ("So don't talk to *me* about booze, because *I've* never been onstage drunk in the last seven years, Mr. Townshend!"), Daltrey sounded genuinely wounded as he talked of how he'd "always felt like a bit of a misfit in The Who," and how "every suggestion *I* make just gets laughed at. But I can live with that. I'm just the singer, anyway." Finally, Daltrey warned of the effect Townshend's remarks might have on the group: "I know it's taken a lot of steam out of me, and I'm sure it did with the others."

By Numbers, which resembles the unbeatable *Who's Next* in style and format but owes much of its intimate tone to Townshend's solo album, *Who Came First,* has grown out of the same morass of venom and frustration that prompted Townshend's media outburst. The band's internal problems come through loud and clear in his scathing lyric to "How Many Friends," the one great Who song here: "When I first signed a contract, it was more than a handshake then (I know it still is)/But there's the plain fact, we talk *so much shit* behind each other's back (I get the willies)." Even more telling, though, are the constant allusions to the bind Townshend described in his interview. In "They Are All In Love," the singer is an outsider "with blood in [his] eye and a passion for gin," as the song places a clear and painful emphasis on his isolation from whomever "they" are. "Imagine a Man," which Daltrey deems Townshend's best song, is obliquely fatalistic. "Slip Kid," which recalls the "teenage wasteland" of Townshend's

brilliant "Baba O'Riley," cries repeatedly that "there's no easy way to be free." "However Much I Booze" couples an agonized refrain with Townshend's pessimistic view of his audience's role: "You at home can easily decide what's right/By glancing very briefly at the songs I write/But it don't help me that you know . . . there's really *no way out.*" And the album's ostensible change of pace, "Blue, Red and Grey," makes for one of the most unconvincing songs of celebration ever committed to vinyl.

The bleak urgency of Townshend's current sentiments is reflected not just by their prominence in his lyrics, and in the one song penned by Entwistle, but by the lyrics' predominance over the album's other ingredients. Musically, *By Numbers* is subdued even when at its loudest, and filled with deliberate echoes of the group's past; "Dreaming from the Waist," a song of adolescent passions, begins with a hint of the "Underture" from *Tommy*. Moon's drums are so distinctive they invariably recall The Who's previous triumphs, and Townshend's guitar, seemingly more concerned here with maintaining a tenuous equilibrium than with flights of fancy, further contributes to the sense of stasis. Entwistle's bass is mixed down so low that it provides none of its usual spark. And Daltrey's vocals often recall his detachment on the album *Tommy;* he performed with far greater verve on the film's soundtrack than he had originally. (At the time of the movie's debut, he admitted that *Tommy* hadn't much interested him until a year and a half after the record's release.) Daltrey's voice has always seemed to be the perfect conduit for Townshend's ideas; there's none of that Elton-and-Bernie business here, no sense of the singer's basic incongruity with his material. So Daltrey's performing here on what sounds like automatic pilot feels very much in keeping with what Townshend had in mind. The whole album has an air of bewildered, almost half-hearted perseverance.

By Numbers is hardly the sort of album one would ordinarily associate with decline; it's just that, unlike *Who's Next* and *Quadrophenia,* which immediately preceded it, this one falls short of being a masterpiece. It never even aspires to such heights, springing as it does out of such negative desires: *not* to give up, *not* to resort to self-parody, *not* to sidestep the issue of rock's increasing staleness and the extent to which it has grown anachronistic. Under these circumstances, the best The Who could have hoped for was to orchestrate some sort of holding action, to set their ideas to deliberately unadventurous music and hope for the best. Considered in that light, *By Numbers* is surprising and impressive for the spurts of vitality it does manage to generate.

Still, it forebodes a discouraging future for The Who. Their dilemma seems genuinely insoluble; they aren't about to get any younger, nor suddenly to wax insensitive enough to be able to crank out oldies and rehashes with cheerful indifference. Their only hope is somehow to reconstitute their music in a form that 30-year-olds can care about, a form that stirs in their audiences the same affinity and excitement that Sixties crowds used to feel. There is no precedent for such a turnaround; though singer-songwriters do it all the time (i.e., Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Paul Simon), or try to (i.e., John Lennon), hard rockers have traditionally recognized the task to be impossible, and have snapped their eyes shut accordingly.

But The Who's case is special; for all their quarreling and uncertainty, they remain the most durable of the great rock bands, and they work under the aegis of rock's most respected thinker and innovator. If *Who's Next,* with its ferocious energy and haunting introspection, or *Quadrophenia,* with its structural originality and perfectly expressed adolescent longing, are not to stand as the last great Who albums, an inspired adjustment will have to be forthcoming. The Who can do it—if anyone can.

******Still Crazy After All These Years,** *Paul Simon* (Columbia). Simon's saddest and best album to date features strikingly original arrangements, eloquently streamlined material and improbable hints of violence on "My Little Town," the strongest Simon and Garfunkel song ever. Simon's music derives more and more of its tension from the way in which the songs themselves seem a partial antidote to the discontent they're about, making this his most affecting and complicated effort.

*****Breakaway,** *Art Garfunkel* (Columbia). Shamelessly sentimental; shamelessly lovely, too. While Garfunkel's saccharine, wispy solo debut never did much to compensate for the loss of Simon, Richard Perry's especially animated production supplies the necessary touch of savvy here.

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Adios to fair play

Final Tribute

By Mark Goodman

Avery Brundage, the late president of the International Olympic Committee, spent the better part of the 20th century making a 19th-century fool of himself, but give the old crock his due: He was not always a fool in the wrong way. Witness this piece of foolishness vis-à-vis international amateur athletic competition: "It is a revolt against Twentieth Century materialism, it is a devotion to the cause and not the reward. . . . It appears as a ray of sunshine through clouds of racial animosity, religious bigotry and political chicanery. . . ."

Yeah, right. Take the recent Pan-American Games in Mexico City. Now there's your basic ray of sunshine through clouds of, etc., etc. The American track and field athletes expected some pretty stiff competition from the Canadians, Brazilians and especially the Cubans. But the foreign competitors were pushovers compared with the judges and spectators, who saw to it that the Americans were cheated, punched, kicked, insulted, spat upon, booed, jeered and generally treated to a fairly unhappy time.

If the 1972 Olympics left any doubts that the spirit of international sportsmanship might still be alive, the opening ceremonies in Mexico City quickly scotched them. The U.S. delegation was greeted by our south of the border neighbors with an unholy barrage of billingsgate. To demonstrate the universality of their disagreeable dispositions, the Mexicans also booed their own president, Luis Echeverria. The Cubans, on the other hand, were hailed by cheers as wildly enthusiastic as they were carefully orchestrated.

However, partisanship is part of the game; physical attacks—and plain cheating—are another matter. Todd Scully of the U.S. was struck and spit on in the 20 km. walk. In the women's long jump, Martha Watson took an immediate lead with a leap of 21 ft., 6¾ in. Cuba's Ann Alexander eventually jumped 20 ft., 8¼ in. The crowd, to say the least, was exercised. The officials, in scrupulous observance of the spirit of fair play, simply added 12¾ in. to Miss Alexander's leap. Kenny Moore of *Sports Illustrated* reported that Alexander later admitted, without apology, that she had not even approached Watson's distance.

Officials allowed Cuban discus thrower Julian Morrison to use his own discus in clear violation of International Amateur Athletic Foundation rules; he upset American thrower Jay Silvester for the silver medal by 2½ in. Yet in Munich during the 1972 Olympics, officials stole into pole vaulter Bob Seagren's room, confiscated his poles and forced him to use unfamiliar equipment in the finals. Seagren, the world record-holder at the time, placed second. When he expressed his disgust over the affair, he was resoundingly booed.

UPI

U.S. walker Larry Young responds to the jeers from the crowd in Mexico City.

Examples abound. In 1972 any American boxer up against a predominance of Communist-Bloc judges might as well have thrown in the towel before the first bell. In all, well, fairness, Americans were not the only victims of poor sportsmanship in Munich. When the Pakistanis were defeated by the West Germans 1-0 in the field hockey finals, they roughed up an astonished doctor during drug tests and conducted themselves so badly during the award ceremonies that 11 of them were permanently banned from Olympic competition. And then, of course, there were the stocking-covered PLO terrorists, who set what oil-conscious diplomats might now term an unfortunate example of bad sportsmanship.

Actually, this final tribute is about 40 years too late. Adolf Hitler signaled the end to international good sportsmanship in the Berlin games of 1936 when he walked out in an Aryan snit over Jesse Owens' fourth gold medal. Indeed, der Fuhrer's distemper served to cancel the next two Olympiads. After the war, the Russians—with undeniable American compliance—turned the Olympics and sundry international meets into a Cold War battleground.

In some ways that wasn't entirely bad. Better the fields of Olympia than the fields of Flanders, and all that. Still, a little chauvinism goes an awfully long way. Now it's become the U.S. vs. the entire Communist Bloc and the Third World nations, with any means justifying the obsessive end: defeating the Yankee imperialists. Now, I'm not your workaday, red-white-and-blue fanatic; but I am sick and tired of seeing American kids get it in the neck competition after competition. Said America's Larry Woods at the Pan-Am Games: "Athlete versus athlete with no distractions seems to me the ideal of sport. But that's slipping away. It's for the officials, for the spectators to satisfy whatever weird cravings drive them to act like this. It just seems to me that these enormous productions might be dying under their own weight."

True. And when you look ahead to Montreal and the dark grumblings of French-Canadian nationalists, the prospects for Mr. Brundage's little ray of sunshine seem plenty dim. ●

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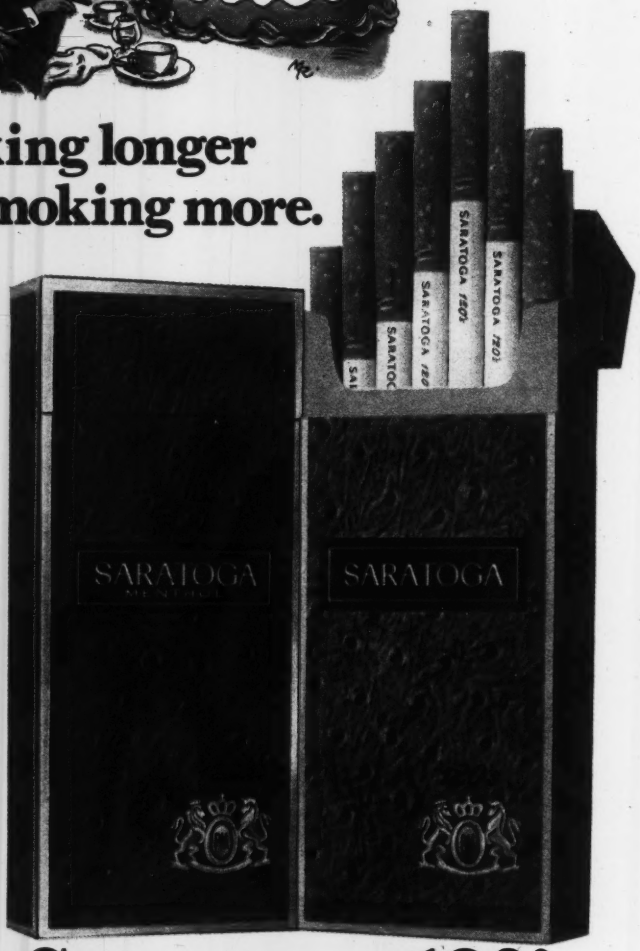

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